The New-Yorker.

BY H. GREELEY & CO. OFFICE 127 NASSAU-STREET. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. II. NO. 15. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 31, 1836. WHOLE NO. 41.

For the New-Yorker.

[The following fragment of a longer poem would seem to have been the model, in structure and style, of a production by an accomplished American poet, which has gained much praise, doubtless by reason of its supposed originality. On condition that due credit be accorded to the lines which have been thus the groundwork of a fair structure, the writer is content to forgive the plagiarism.]

SOUTHERN PINEWOODS.

These are the orchards of the desert—these
Forests unclipped, unlovely, limitless,
For which our Northern countries have no match,
The Pinewoods. I beheld them for the first
With eye, not heart dilated; so to take
The dreary vastness in. Lo! where they stretch
In thick brown endless wastes, far, far away,
As some vast harbor at its busiest time
Stood still with all its pointing slim masts fixed,
And every sail let down. The sweeping clouds
Are shut out from us.—Breezes of the South,
That toss the flaunting cinders, from the pipes
Of railroad engine poured tumultuous forth,
Or wave, perchance, some sorry half-singed plume
Of some car-ridden dame—or waft the plaints
Of desperate frogs from the sad marsh's depth—
In all your wanderings—by the spicy groves
Of tropic isles, or 'mong the 'vines of Texas,'
(Destined ere long to yield fraternal fruit
To make the hearts of Carolinians glad)—
Or by fair palmy shores—say, have ye fanned
A wider, drearier wilderness than this?
Man hath no part in all this wondrous scene;
No—nor the painted bird—nor yet the beast,
That, savage as he is, loves not to range
The gloomy woods alone—the very insects
Self-exiled from this interdicted spot.

As o'er the mould we roll in smoke along
A lengthened line betwixt the frowning pines
That close upon our track, I think of those
Who have been here before us. Were they here,
Travellers of other days—and did the dust
Of these dim solitudes then stir with life,
With works and merry words? Have any ventured
With boldness like our own, into this waste
That mocks humanity? Let these rustic sheds
Which overlook the marshes, speakingly
Reminding us the dinner hour is come,
Answer. A multitude, long passed away,
Dined here; a gay and hurrying multitude
Devoured, with toil such viands—while yet we
In some luxurious dome, in populous towns,
Dreamed not of railroads and of barren woods,
But ate and slept at leisure. This rude board
Yielded to them as scant and swift a meal,
Half snatched, scarce swallowed, and abandoned quick
At sound of summoning horn. They too complained
And scowled displeasure at the uncourteous host
And his own emptied larder. As they vanished,
Still more and more came on, and—fared alike.

Thus change the moods of being. Thus pass on
Races of living men, famished and weary,
Pensive or joyous, as the well-earned cheer
Is granted, or withheld. So we shall pass,
Yielding a place to others, who will marvel
If any but themselves were ever doomed
To track the sunless solitary wild.

Columbia, S. C. . . . .

LUCUBRATIONS.

BY OUR BACHELOR ASSOCIATE.

Friendly Reader! Shall we bewail with thee over the desecrated fanes of Hope that lie scattered along the dreary waste of the Old Year, or join thee in casting a glance at the magnificent temples that Fancy is erecting upon the verdant landscape of the New, that, ere thou readest this, will have assumed its rank in the calendar of centuries!

Even as our obedient Perryan records the Bachelor's musings upon the snowy page, December is chanting its own funeral hymn, and the Storm-King rejoices among the lordly oaks, whose leafless branches attest the plenitude of his triumph; while the shrieking tempest, pouring its icy breath along the drear streets of our cities, chills the spirit as it essays to forget the Past, and to wrest from the dying year the garlands of Hope, that they may be bound around the brow of the infant Conqueror.

Boreas seems endowed with power to wither up every generous impulse of the soul,—and the dirge-like character of his cry, as it breaks upon the ear, may be likened to the wind passing over some time-worn ruin and eliciting an echo from its cavernous recesses, even as the wail of the tempest finds an answer in the heart of the startled auditor: not an inapt moral of the utter falsity of human illusions—Spring in their rise, but fierce Winter in their decline.

Standing upon one of these recognized landmarks of Time, and taking in all the peculiarities of the view—the Past and the Future—the faded aspect of the former, and the splendor that seems in the distance to enwrap the latter—what food for reflection and contrast may the mind cull from the picture!

Before the eye of Memory flit the all-joyous day-dreams that once appeared so bright—hopes,

> ——'that lead the weary on,
> Still pointing to the unpossess'd,
> And paling that they beam upon.'

—Fancy revives the decaying glories of the Past, and brings to view again the baseless shrines that Ambition erst erected and bowed down before with all the fervor of trusting enthusiasm—passing fair in January, but in December riven and prostrate!

Friends—the friends whose jocund voices swelled the pæan with which we welcomed in the newborn year—pass us by with scowling and averted faces as Time peals its knell,—or, clad in the sables of death, present themselves to our pained vision only to awaken us to the bitter consciousness that they sleep where the rush of years cannot disturb their slumbers.

The joys that in their up-springing we pressed to our bosoms, in the fond belief that they would prove imperishable, also rise up and swell the mournful tableau—bidding us, in observing their withered aspect, not to place too much dependance upon the promises of a delusive and Circean future.

The dreams of the mind—the creations of the excited sensibilities, that, when conceived, pictured to the cheated dreamer all that makes a Paradise of earth—they, too, crowd upon the heart, increasing the regrets that like snow-drifts sweep over it, as the several components in the melancholy pageant loom upon the eye of Retrospection, and bid the gazer note how all that he had valued or created—Hope, Ambition, friends, joys and aspirations—faded and expired when Time had shown their falsity and stripped them of their ideal drapery.

All vainly the sickened beholder strives to shut out the hated truth; it will force itself upon the mind, teaching a lesson that worldly philosophy cannot refute, of the vanity of the dreams and hopes with which we antedate the coming of Time and seek to read the secrets of Destiny.

Reason and experience teach the truth of the argument; and although we would fain believe that with the passing away of a given epoch of time, so also passes the season of our trials, yet judgment refuses to admit the plea, and we watch the closing of one year with a sad presentiment that the paths we are about to tread in the one that succeeds it are not wholly clear of the thorns which have previously marred our advance and wounded our feet.

Such reflections—and they will obtrude themselves—ever throw a coloring of gloom and doubt over the mind of the speculator upon the mysterious arrangements of Destiny, and cause him rather to mourn over the ruins of the departed year than cull garlands to wreathe around the brow of the one that follows. We number ourselves among the few who sigh over the ruins of the Past. We would rather muse among the shattered columns of hopes that we have seen crumble around us, than idly replace them with gay-wreathed shrines that must also give way as Time the Insatiate bears away their foundations. A moral—painful though it be, yet alas, how true!—may be read from these things of yesterday; and the pilgrim upon life's Zahara may secure his person from the searching sands of the monsoon, Disappointment, if he profit by the warning of his past wanderings, and be prepared when the Destroyer crosses his path.—Bear with us, then, dear reader, for a moment, while we record a requiem in rhyme of the dying year, which seems to howl more fiercely as we lucubrate over its melancholy fate:

A WAIL for the passing Year!
As its funeral train sweeps by;
While the Northern blast, with its sounds of fear,
Howls along the darkened sky,
And Winter its peal of triumph rings
'Mong the crashing boughs of the forest kings.

A dirge for the Seasons dead!
For Spring, with its opening flowers—
Fair Summer, whose verdant sheen was spread
Over hill-side, vales and bowers—
And Autumn, magnificent Autumn, too,
With its waving fields of golden hue.

A sigh, as Memory's hand
From the Past its trophies tears,
And before us in solemn mockery stand
The hopes of our earlier years;
The hopes that were angels at their birth,
But perish'd—as perish the joys of Earth.

A tear for the loved—and dead—
The young and the gentle hearted!
They were with us but now—the year has sped—
Alas! they have all departed!
And the ruthless wind that 'round us raves
Stirs the lifeless grass on their lonely graves.

A lament for pleasures gone!
For the pleasant dreams of Youth,
When the heart was young, and around us was thrown
The mantle—we thought—of Truth;
'Till Time swept o'er the spot where we stood,
And the mantle was borne on its restless flood.

A wail! a dirge! and a sigh!
For the seasons and hopes that have flown;
A lament for the pleasures of youth that lie
On the bier of the old year strewn!
But the tear for the dead—the loved of yore—
Let it freely gush!—we shall see them no more.

But are there no green spots visible in the Future? May not the mind gather something to nerve it to renewed exertion, as Time lifts the veil that intervenes between the present and that which is to come, and to the eye of the gazer is revealed a landscape of magnificent beauty, such as might well woo an anchorite from his cell? In the distance, lovely as ever, appears the goal, to attain which years have been devoted, *and lost*—yet there it is, bright and beautiful as ever—its fame-crested spires seeming more glorious—its altar-stone piled with wreath and chaplet—while that arch urchin Hope stands, pencil in hand, freshening the already gaudy coloring of the temple, and giving it an aspect of eternal youth. In vain the admonitions of sorrowing experience; all vainly Reason urges the utter mockery of the scene—

> 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,'

and Age speeds over the pathway with the free step of Youth. What though the chase prove fruitless? So long as the fires of expectation feed desire, and the heart thrillingly echoes the call of Ambition, there is enjoyment to be gleaned from the toilsome pursuit of a phantom that recedes as we pursue; and so constituted is the mind, that long after Probability has withdrawn its aid, Hope remains, and erects for itself a temple of safety among the raging waters of disappointment and despair.

Yet there are pleasures which, if rightly sought, may be

obtained and worn, growing brighter with age, and more dazzling from repeated use. Life has for all an oasis, where the weary may enjoy a repose that will lighten the burden of cares which in a greater or less degree must be borne by all; and the pilgrim who has sufficient philosophy to enjoy the loveliness of that one sheltered sanctuary, may laugh at the storm of fate, and smilingly look into the eye of the tempest without fear of its anger.

The enjoyments of friendship, when hand meets hand in the honest observance of that divine mandate, which, touchingly true, bids man love his neighbor as himself—these will at all times wake pleasurable emotions in the heart; and despairing indeed must be that bosom which will not heave joyfully as the bland tones of kindly sympathy sweep over it, and the hand of friendship wipes away the tear which even iron-nerved Manhood cannot retain within its hidden cell.—We will not believe that 'Friendship is but a name.' We will not tear away the brightest link in the chain of humanity. What though repeated cases have shown that man is a being of selfishness and deceit, and the best affections of the heart have been ruthlessly uptorn by cunning and fraud! These cases may be many,—but, on the other side, the page of individual history records many better instances of honor and truth. *All* are not deceitful; some there must be who estimate themselves and others by a moral standard; and to seek them out—to knit the soul within the same web that contains theirs—is a pursuit which cannot be altogether fruitless. The past year may have furnished a thousand cases of perfidy and deceit.—but Hope bids us not despair, for the coming fraction of time may reward our labors by giving us one honest friend, into whose ear our sorrows, our joys and hopes may be poured, and not in vain.

The domestic hearth, where Affection presides, growing brighter with time—Hope may nestle itself here, nor fear that its temple will ever be laid low by the hurtling iron of despair. Age only sheds a more tempered radiance over the family group, and lends greener hues to the olive of domestic peace. The year that sinks entombed in the storms of December has shown that Affection strengthens with age, and we may confidently look forward to the enjoyment of its perfect beauty.

It may be asked why the bachelor thus warms into praise of that which he cannot be supposed to enjoy. True—most true; but if we were to say that we write the history of others' feelings, the answer ought to be satisfactory; but in all frankness we admit that at such a season as this, while witnessing the phasing of time and the decay of years, we feel our love of single blessedness oozing out, and a stray speculation intrudes itself upon us as to the wisdom we have displayed in resisting hitherto the call Hymeneal.

However, we will drop this subject now. Perchance it may be our lot, before another year closes its career, to haul down the flag that we have nailed to the mast, and substitute instead the *Union* Jack. *Nous verrons.*

But we have hung an elegy upon the Old Year, in a species of rhyme more to be admired for its truth than poetical beauty; and we will close our lucubrations by stringing some doggerel upon the car of the victor, whose *avant courier*, January, is even now upon us:

A shout for the coming Year!
As the North wind fans its brow:
Let the face, late suffused with a tear,
Wear a glad smile of triumph now:
For the Conqueror comes like a prince to his throne,
And the garlands of Hope o'er his pathway are strewn.

A hymn to the sister band!
For Spring will resume its reign,
And Summer reclothe, with liberal hand,
Her fav'rite haunts again:
Mild Autumn, the season of fruits, will come,
And the reaper garner his harvests home.

A pæan, as on the heart
Hope pencils its magical beams,
While Fancy's hand, with Promethean art,
The dead from their thrall redeems—
Clothes Ambition anew in the garments of youth,
And deceives us again to believe in its truth.

A smile for the fondly lov'd,
And a hand for the tried and true:
The year that has pass'd, their friendship prov'd,
And we greet with them the New:
They are with us now, and their presence throws
O'er the wild sea of Life a serene repose.

A welcome, as 'round us rise
The delusive beams of Joy;
The Present is ours—its lure let us prize,
For why should we destroy
The hues of Hope, in seeming so fair?
Better slumber deceiv'd than 'wake to despair.

A shout! a pæan! and hymn!
For the Seasons and Joys to come—
The past year's hues are misty and dim,
Let us over the Future roam,
And send out from the heart the joy-seeking dove
To search for the flowers of Friendship and Love.

Reader! we wish thee a merry New-Year!

For the New-Yorker.

SHREDS AND PATCHES,

FROM THE DRAWER OF A DEFUNCT SHIP.

XVIII. RANDOM THOUGHTS.

Experience is a ruthless foe to Romance. I am sorry—for Experience *must* come. And *years*—how much of ice they bring around the heart! How coldly now can we look back upon feelings and memories that would once set heart and brain on fire! Apathy comes as Romance departs.—Once we had rainbows without storms—now we have storms without rainbows. Once, a frown on the brow of a friend would fill us with sadness for a whole day—now we have become alike careless of the opinions of friends and foes. And this has been the work of years.

More delicate than frost-work are the purer feelings of the soul. A single breath may sweep them away for ever. But with a pen of steel the stormier passions write their record upon the heart. Deeper and deeper grows the tracery as years hurry by.

I know not well what others may think and feel,—but when I read that life is a dream, I feel that it is the language of truth. Mine has been a reverie. A deep sleep has been upon my spirit, and my wakeful intervals have been few and far between. Shall we dream in the World of Souls, and grasp at fantasies, as here? Or shall we be ever wakeful there, and all around us reality?

We talk of the mystery of Death, but the mystery of Life is deeper.

We see nothing clearly, not even truth. A continual mist is before our eyes,—and if light ever breaks in upon us, we are dazzled till it is gone.

XIX. THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

"For the love of God!"

A woman stood before me, and, with her long bony hand stretched out, solicited charity. Her countenance and her dress bespoke the extreme of wretchedness. The chill winds of November whistled drearily along the streets, and the pedestrian hurried by, buried in the ample folds of his cloak; but this poor child of want was sheltered from the cruel air only by a tattered calico dress that was scarcely sufficient to hide her nakedness. Want and woe had written their record upon her face in legible characters, and the tearless eloquence of her look appealed irresistibly to the heart. I am not guilty of much alms-giving,—but now my hand went with a spasmodic motion to my pocket, in search of a stray coin. I know not what expression my countenance may have worn as I dropped a piece of silver in her hand,—but as her eye rested upon my face, she paused, and seemed hesitating whether to receive or reject the gift. "It is hard, very hard, to be a beggar," at length she said, "but how can I hear *her* ask for bread and have none to give! Oh, God! were I alone, I could bear any thing, every thing; but I can not see my poor Alice dying piecemeal before my eyes, perishing for lack of food!" There was an earnestness in the poor woman's voice that showed how deeply she felt what she spoke. Our heart was touched. Partly from benevolence and partly from curiosity, we resolved to follow her and look upon the misery of which she told. "Oh, sir," said she, as we announced our intention, "the God of the widow and the fatherless will bless you! How faithless was I, to doubt his promises! But, sir," she continued, with a voice broken by sobs, "you know not how strong may be the agony of a mother's heart. I have sat night after night by my meekly suffering child, praying that she might die; and when the sun has looked in through the smoky window, and she still lived, thoughts of murder have sprung up in my heart! But my hand has been mercifully withheld, and now I know it was for good."

We passed into a narrow and dirty lane, and in a few moments paused before a miserable house. Two or three filthy and half-naked children were playing around the door, while within sat several bloated persons, male and female, drinking and blaspheming, and singing snatches of ribald and licentious songs. We had never before gazed upon so complete a picture of human misery and degradation. Our soul sickened with infinite disgust, and we were turning loathingly away, forgetful of the errand that brought us there, when the poor woman laid her hand upon our arm, and looked beseechingly into our face. Her silent appeal was enough,—and, without speaking a word, we followed her guidance. Opening a side door, she passed rapidly through a dark hall to the rear of the building, and ascended a flight of crazy stairs that trembled beneath our step.

In a low, dark attic, lighted by a single narrow window in the roof, we paused. We looked around us. There was no fire—no chair—no bed. Stretched on a couch of straw, and covered with a tattered cloak, a girl of some eighteen years lay asleep. Her face was very pale and emaciated,—but there was an expression of patience and of resignation upon it that almost made it beautiful. It might once have been so. Her rich auburn hair was parted over her pale forehead, and lay in damp masses upon her white neck.—One thin hand was under her head, and the other lay motionless upon her breast, looking like the hand of a corpse.

The sleep of the invalid was not rest. Her breathings were short and quick, as if a crushing weight were laid upon her heart that she was struggling in vain to throw off. Her mother knelt by her side, and laid her finger upon her pulse. The touch awoke her. "Dear mother," said she in a low and silvery tone, "I am glad that you are here. I am in pain, but I have had sweet dreams. I was in my far-away home, sitting upon my father's knee, with an innocent and a happy heart. My wanderings were all over—my guilt was all forgiven—my father's hand was upon my brow and the voice of his blessing was in my ear. Mother, shall not my dream prove true?"

"Alas, poor child! do you forget that your father is dead, and the home of your childhood passed into the hands of strangers?"

A shade of thought—perchance of memory—passed over her countenance. Another moment, and her features glowed again, as she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens! I shall meet my father there, and hear his words of love. My heart will ache no more—my cheeks will there be dry—for God will wipe all my tears away." At this moment, her eye for the first time rested upon me. Her countenance flushed with surprise, and she looked inquiringly into her mother's face. "God hath sent him," said the mother, as I approached—"and his errand is of mercy."

"Welcome, thou blessed of the Lord!" exclaimed the girl, raising herself upon her elbow, while her whole countenance glowed with thankfulness too deep for utterance; "for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat—I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink—I was a stranger, and ye took me in—naked, and ye clothed me—I was sick, and ye visited me—I was in prison, and ye came unto me: inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of the children of God, ye have done it unto HIM!"

Should I live the years of Methusaleh twice told, never could I forget that moment. I stood hushed and awe-struck, yet my heart was full of happiness and every nerve thrilled with ecstasy. My pride—my evil passions—my ambition, were in that moment crucified, and I seemed standing in the presence of a holier power than I had yet known. Before me was that patient girl, her countenance glowing like an angel's, and her eye turned upward, as if she would claim of the Saviour the fulfilment of his blessed promise in my behalf. It was like standing upon the verge of heaven, in the very presence of the redeemed. In such an atmosphere, Distrust would fail and Infidelity would die.

Subsequently, I learned the history of that girl. It was a

common story—seduction—elopement—abandonment—poverty—ruin—despair! Why should I dwell upon each harrowing scene?—the tale may weary—it cannot profit. Of her derelictions from the path of duty, as it is marked out by the 'Assembly's Catechism' and the statutes of the lawmakers, I would not speak harshly. If she sinned, she also suffered. Circumstances rendered her what she was—circumstances that swept her along with a resistless tide, till she was for ever lost to fame, fortune, and friends. Her early life was bright and full of promise. She was the idol of a doating father—the pride of a brilliant circle—gay, beautiful and admired; and the light-winged hours went dancing by her to the music of her own glad heart. But the tempter came. In an evil hour, she listened and fell. Her sincerity, her confidingness, proved her ruin. She left her father's house, and returned not—for, conscious of guilt, she dared not meet his reproachful look.

Two years passed away—the father had sunk to the grave, and the mother, lonely and poor, had found her unhappy and repentant daughter. Oh, the fathomless depths of a mother's love! The guilt—the agony—the shame of the past was all forgotten, and the forgiven Alice was clasped to her mother's heart, as a long-loved, long-lost, returning child. Her repentance came not too late. True, her character was wrecked—her friends estranged—her health prostrated; but He who came to save the lost, poured balm into her bleeding wounds, and spoke peace to her troubled soul.

I came down from the attic lighter in heart and purse than I went up. Never before had I felt the full force of that beautiful aphorism, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." I had stood by the side of patient suffering, and seen what the gentle ministrations of Religion could do for the soul. I had trod upon hallowed ground and fed upon heavenly food. And as I passed again into the thronged street, and saw the splendid equipages of the rich, and the palaces that Pride had piled, a feeling of pity sprang up in my heart for those whom the world calls honorable; and my spirit went back to the poor widow and her daughter, as I repeated, half audibly, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

XX. SONNET.

Night broods o'er earth with shadowy wing unfurled,
And the pale stars look tremulously down
Like spirits on a hushed and slumbering world,
While their dim glory resteth like a crown
Of silver on the brow of hill and mount;
And the low music of yon gushing fount
Floats like a Peri's voice upon the air,
Murmuring solemnly a solemn prayer!
A strange, low whisper floateth over earth,
Seeming of blended pleasure and regret,
As if the spirits of the air had met
To mingle sorrow in one tone with mirth,
Chastening the heart that lingers in their spell,
Yet filling it with joy unspeakable!

XXI ANECDOTE.

Those who sit nearest to the tree of knowledge and dispense its fruit to others, are not always the most learned themselves. A friend of ours—a bookseller—once told us that he had read three hundred square feet of the British classics, and considered 'Alonzo and Melissa' and '*Cato's Life of Addison*' the best of the whole! A young sophomore once entered his store, and inquired if he had any pocket testaments in Greek. "In Greek!" echoed our good friend, hesitatingly, "I believe not, sir—but I have a lot of elegant ones in morocco." V. G. A.

Plainfield, Conn. Dec. 1836

A Mere Bonfire.—Duff, in his "Recollections of Japan," relates the particulars of a fire which raged twelve hours in the city of Jeddo, and which consumed all the houses, and every thing within the space of three leagues (nine miles) in length, and a mile and a half in breadth. Among the buildings destroyed, were fifty-seven palaces of princes; and there were 1,200 persons either burnt to death or drowned, among whom was the daughter of the prince of Awar. The young lady met this fate by the giving way of the Nipon Bas, a famous bridge in Jeddo, under the weight of the flying multitude. Thin walls of clay, timbers, and partitions of deal, matted roofs, and roofs of shingle sufficiently account for catastrophes which must far exceed in frequency and violence even those of New-York or Constantinople. This fire was extinguished by rain.

SONG. For the New-Yorker.

Believe not the slander, my dearest Katrine!
For the ice of the world hath not frozen my heart;
In my innermost spirit there still is a shrine
Where thou art remembered, all pure as thou art:
The dark tide of years, as it bears us along,
Though it sweep away Hope in its turbulent flow,
Cannot drown the low voice of Love's eloquent song,
Nor chill with its waters my faith's early glow.

True, the world hath its snares, and the soul may grow faint
In its strifes with the follies and falsehoods of earth,
And amidst the dark whirl of corruption, a taint
May poison the thoughts that are purest at birth:
Temptations and trials without and within,
From the pathway of Virtue the spirit may lure,
But the soul shall grow strong in its triumphs o'er Sin,
And the heart shall preserve its integrity pure.

The finger of Love, on my innermost heart,
Wrote thy name, oh adored! when my feelings were young,
And the record shall 'bide till my soul doth depart,
And the darkness of Death o'er my being be flung.
Then believe not the slander that says I forget,
In the whirl of excitement, the love that was thine;
Thou wert dear in my boyhood—art dear to me yet—
For the sunlight of life is the smile of Katrine! V. G. A.

From the New Monthly for Nov.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

Barrymore and Astley's Actors.—When Barrymore took the management of the Amphitheatre he made an attempt to improve the style of drama usually exhibited. In the opening melo-drama an old peasant accuses the hero of the piece of divers murders, abductions, &c.; the prince demands what proof he can adduce that these murders have been committed: on which another peasant, rushing on at the bridge, in the centre, displays a blood-stained scarf, and cries 'Behold a specimen!' Barrymore, a stranger to the old members of the company, cast this to a Mr. C——, a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, and more celebrated as an equestrian than an actor. Mr. C——, bent on producing an effect, rushed a the important moment into the centre of the bridge, disposed himself and the scarf into an interesting tableau, and shouted, in a tone that did honor to Houndsditch, '*Behoult a specimin!*' A scream of laughter from the audience nearly annihilated the drama; and the manager, who quietly demanded if the gentleman was always as clever, and being replied to in the affirmative, cast the part to another; this so irritated the son of Israel, that he harangued his compatriots in the dressing-room thus:—"See now, my tears, vat a rascal dis Birrymore is; look at him vat he's done; he's no manager, he's *took and taken* me out of de part ven I used to *make the house ring again*."

Young Grimaldi and T. Dibdin.—The late young Grimaldi boasted a vernacular peculiarly his own. If he had had a companion to cope with him, in six weeks they would have forgotten the English language, and framed an entirely new tongue. He (Grimaldi) *never* used any phrase recognized by society: for example, Mr. T. Dibdin, during the frequent illness of Mr. Grimaldi, senior, one day asked the son very earnestly after his father.—"Oh! the old buffer's as stiff as pitch," said the young clown. "Good God, Sir," said Dibdin, "you don't,—you cannot mean to say he is no more?" "No more!" said Grimaldi, "he's more than you are, he's all drawn up of a heap." "Am I to infer that he is better?"—"Why, don't I tell you so?—he's as right as a trivet."—"Shall we have the pleasure of seeing him this evening?" "'Course you will," replied Joe, "he's coming *at darkey* just to see the *beauty of things*." [It may be necessary to say that Mr Grimaldi meant to imply that his father had thrown aside his crutches, could stand upright, ('all of a heap,') and was coming that night to witness the performances.]

Once, whilst at Plymouth, a very juvenile midshipman, flourishing his dirk, swaggered into the theatre. "My dear Sir," said Liston to the door keeper, "why don't you attend to the announcement at the bottom of your bills,—*Children in arms not admitted?*"

Miss Cubitt.—When a certain low comedian came to Drury with his arm in a sling, this lady was very importunate to know what accident had occurred to him; he declined explaining, but satisfied the lady's curiosity by telling her that he had been a little in the sun (i. e. inebriated) and was thrown from his horse. "Ah! poor fellow," said Miss Cubitt, most pathetically, "just as dear Tom Moore describes it—

'And in a sunny hour *fall off*,
Like ch—s that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.'"

Charles Bannister.—Bannister and a military friend were regaling at 'Sir Ralph Abercromby's Head,' and the conversation turned upon the hero whose name had been given to the tavern; he had just fallen at Aboukir, and it was the fashion for every one to relate some personal anecdote of him. The military gentleman did so, but Bannister denied the correctness of one or two of his assertions. "Zounds," said the soldier, "I ought to know; I have served with the man, and have known Abercromby ever since he was a lieutenant." "And what of that," said Charles, coolly, "when I have known him ever since he was an *inn-sign*?"

Grimaldi and Ducrow.—M. Ducrow, sen. was rather harsh to his offspring; old Grimaldi entered one morning and found the equestrian belaboring little Andrew (the present M. Ducrow) unmercifully. Grimaldi humanely interfered, and upbraided the father, who defended himself by saying that youth must be early trained in the way it should go—"it was best to make an impression when the wax was soft." "Aye," said Grimaldi, "but that don't hold here, for the *wharks were not soft*."

'Jew Davis'—Bashfulness is not the badge of his tribe, and it certainly formed no part of his character; he had a sort of celebrity for non-payment. One of his creditors thinking to shame him out of the money he owed, stood up in the pit of Sadler's Wells, and said, "Mr. Davis, I said I would expose you; you owe me seven-and-six pence." "So I do," said Davis, perfectly coolly, and advancing to the foot-lights, "oblige me with half-a-crown, and it will make an even pound." We need not add that the creditor took nothing by his motion.

The Padlock.—A New Reading.—When Bickerstaff's opera of 'The Padlock' was in rehearsal, Miss Brett, the original Leonora, was much pestered by the officious attention of a dwarfish sprig of fashion. Leonora's first song is given with a bird upon her hand, and runs thus:

"Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither wouldst thou wing
Thy airy flight?"

It happened that the property-man had not brought the bird, and the lady and the orchestra were waiting.—"Where *is* my bird?" at length petulantly exclaimed the heroine. "Here," said her dwarfish admirer, "I'll be thy bird," gallantly advancing. Miss Brett immediately took his proffered hand, and commenced the song thus:

"Say, little, foolish, fluttering goose,
What will you say if I let you loose!"

She then turned him off to the derision of the company

For the New-Y

THE CLOSING YEAR.

Adieu to thee, departing Year!—
What treasures hast thou borne away?
What solace hast thou left us here,
To make us lingerers, long to stay?

The loved, the cherished—those who made
The blessedness, the bloom of life,
Rest they beneath some sombre shade,
Reposing from their scene of strife?

And what our comfort, as we mourn,
And drop the unavailing tear?
That they have entered that blest bourne
Which knows no access but the bier?

Well, this is solace—should we not
Lose e'en the sad relief of tears,
Were we not certain of their lot
In some blest sphere beyond our fears?

Thou closing year, again adieu!
But give us retrospect more cheering—
Hast thou not brought enjoyments too,
To hearts in Youth's bright morn careering?

Hast thou not bound the enraptured heart
In young Love's pure and heaven-hued chain?
And left the enchantress in her art,
To bear her self-inflicted pain?

Hast thou not brought Religion's bright
And soul-subduing presence home,
To many a heart wrapped in the night
Of ignorance, or sin, or gloom?

Hast thou not cheered the weary sage,
And given him strength to shed around
Truths drawn from Nature's endless page,
By study deep, and thought profound?

Hast thou not o'er her votaries strewn
The potent charms of Poesy,
Till she seemed in the world alone,
The being that should never die?

Then farewell, thou departing Year!
And may the next bring less of sorrow
To hearts that, like thy leaves, are sere—
And to the gay, a gladder morrow! C——E.

Millville, N. Y. Dec. 1836.

[The following lines were written many years since by G. A. Gaskell, a young poet of much promise, since deceased. We will not say they are beautiful—they are truthful and seasonable.]

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

Written for the 31st of December.

Be ye hush'd every toil!—and each turbulent motion,
That encircles the heart in Life's treacherous snares;
And the hour that invites to the calm of Devotion,
Undisturb'd by regrets, unincumbered with cares.
How cheerless the late blooming face of creation!
Weary Time seems to rest in his rapid career;
And pausing awhile midst his own desolation,
Looks exultingly back on the Grave of the Year.

Hark! the blast whistles loud, and the shadows are closing
That inwrapt his broad path in the mantle of Night,
While Pleasure's gay sons are securely reposing,
Undismay'd at the wrecks that have number'd his flight.
From yon temple where Fashion's bright torches are lighted,
Her votaries in throngs, crown'd with garlands appear;
And (as yet their warm hopes by no spectres affrighted)
Assemble to dance round the Grave of the Year.

Oh! I hate the stale banquet the triflers have tasted,
When I think on the ills of Life's comfortless day,
How the flowers of my Childhood their verdure have wasted,
And the friends of my Youth have been stolen away.
They know not how vain is the warmest endeavor
To woo the kind moments, so slighted when near;
When the hours that Oblivion has cancelled for ever,
Her hand has entomb'd—in the Grave of the Year.

Since the last solemn reign of this day of Reflection,
What crowds have resign'd Life's ephemeral breath!
How many have shed their last tear of dejection,
And closed the dim eye in the darkness of death!
How many have sudden their pilgrimage ended,
Beneath the sad pall that now covers their bier;
Or to Death's lonesome valley have gently descended,
And found their last bed—with the Grave of the Year.

'T is the year that so late, its new promise disclosing,
Rose bright on the happy, the careless and gay,
Who now on their pillows of dust are reposing,
Where the sod presses cold on their bosoms of clay.
Then talk not of Bliss—while her smile is expiring!
Disappointment still crowns it in Misery's tear,
Reflect and be wise—for the day is retiring,
And to-morrow will dawn—on the Grave of the Year.

Ah! trust not the gleam of Life's perishing taper,
So faintly that shines o'er the wanderer's head;
'T will expire—when no sun may dispel the thick vapor,
No dawn of the morning revisit my bed.
As breaks the white foam on the boisterous billow,
So the visions of Pleasure and Hope disappear,
Like night-winds that moan through the verdureless willow,
Or the shades that now meet—round the Grave of the Year.

Yet awhile and around us no seasons will flourish,
But Silence for each her dark mansion prepare;
Where Beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Nor the lily o'erspread the wan cheek of Despair!
But the eye shall with lustre unfading be brightened,
When it wakes to true bliss in yon orient sphere:
By sunbeams of splendor immortal enlighten'd,
Never more to go down—on the Grave of the Year!

From the New Monthly Magazine for November.

FIRST LOVE; OR, CONSTANCY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The assertion that 'What is everybody's business is nobody's,' is true enough; but the assertion that 'What is nobody's business is everybody's,' is still truer. Now, a love affair, for example, is, of all others, a thing apart—an enchanted dream, where 'common griefs and cares come not.' It is like a matrimonial quarrel—never to be benefitted by the interference of others: it is a sweet and subtle language, 'that none understand but the speakers;' and yet this fine and delicate spirit is most especially the object of public curiosity. It is often supposed before it exists: it is taken for granted, commented upon, continued and ended, without the consent of the parties themselves; though a casual observer might suppose that they were the most interested in the business.

All love affairs excite the greatest possible attention; but never was so much attention bestowed as in the little town of Allerton, upon that progressing between Mr. Edward Rainsforth and Miss Emily Worthington. They had been a charming couple from their birth—were called the little lovers from their cradle; and even when Edward was sent to school, his letter home once a quarter always contained his love to his little wife. Their course of true love seemed likely to run terribly smooth, their fathers having maintained a friendship as regular as their accounts. Mr. Worthington's death, however, when Emily was just sixteen, led to the discovery that his affairs were on the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. Rainsforth now proved himself a true friend; he said little, but did every thing. Out of his own pocket he secured a small annuity to the orphan girl, placed her in a respectable family, and asked her to dine every Sunday. With his full sanction, 'the little' became 'the young lovers;' and the town of Allerton, for the first time in its life, had not a fault to find with the conduct of one of its own inhabitants.

The two old friends were not destined to be long parted, and a few months saw Mr. Rainsforth carried to the same church-yard whither he had so recently followed the companion of his boyhood. A year passed away, and Edward announced his intention of (pray let us use the phrase appropriated to such occasions) becoming a votary of the saffron god. The whole town was touched by his constancy, and felt itself elevated into poetry by being the scene of such disinterested affection. But, for the first time in his life, Edward found there was another will to be consulted than his own. His trustees would not hear of his marrying till he was two-and-twenty, the time that his father's will appointed for his coming of age. The rage and despair of the lover were only to be equalled by the rage and despair of the whole town of Allerton. Every body said that it was the cruellest thing in the world; and some went so far as to prophesy that Emily Worthington would die of a consumption before the time came of her lover's majority. The trustees were declared to have no feeling, and the young people were universally pitied. The trustees would not abate one atom of their brief authority: they had said that their ward ought to see a little of the world, and they were both of them men of their word.

Accordingly, it was settled that Edward should go to London for the next three months, and see how he liked studying the law. He certainly did not like the prospect at all; and his only consolation was, that he should not leave his adored Emily exposed to the dissipations of Allerton. She had agreed to go and stay with an aunt, some forty miles distant, where there was not even a young curate in the neighborhood. The town of Allerton was touched to the heart by the whole proceeding: no one spoke of them but as that romantic and that devoted young couple. 'I own that I have known greater misfortunes in life than that a young gentleman and lady of twenty should have to wait a twelve-month before they were married; but every person considers their own the worst that ever happened, and Edward and Emily were miserable to their hearts' content. They exchanged locks of hair; and Emily gave him a portfolio, embroidered by herself, to hold the letters that she was to write. He saw her off first, under the care of an old servant, to the village where she was to stay. She waved her white handkerchief from the window as long as she could see her lover, and a little longer, and then sank back in a flood of 'falling pearl, which men call tears.'

Edward was as wretched, and he was also exceedingly uncomfortable, which helps wretchedness on very much. It was a thorough wet day—all his things were packed up—for he himself was to start in the afternoon when the mail passed through—and never was young gentleman more utterly at a loss what to do with himself. In such a case an affair of the heart is a great resource; and young Rainsforth got upon the coach-box, looking quite unhappy enough to satisfy the people of Allerton. It must be owned that he and the weather equally brightened up in the course of a couple of stages. To be sure, a cigar has a gift of placidity peculiarly its own. If I were a woman I should insist upon my lover's smoking: if not of much consequence before, it will be an invaluable qualification after, the happiest day of one's life.

In these days roads have no adventure—they might exclaim, with the knife-grinder, 'Story! Lord bless you, I have none to tell!'—we will therefore take our hero after he was four days in London. He is happy in a lover's good conscience, for that very morning he had written a long letter to his beloved Emily—the three first days having been 'like a teetotum all in a twirl,' he had been forced to neglect that duty so sweet and so indispensable to an absent lover. He had, however, found time to become quite domesticated in Mr. Alford's family. Mr. Alford was of the first eminence in his profession, and had two or three other young men under his charge; but it was soon evident that Edward was a first-rate favorite with the mother and two daughters at all events. They were fine-looking girls, and who understood how to look their best. They were well dressed, and it is wonderful how much the hair 'done to a turn,' ribands which make a complexion, and an exquisite *chaussure*, set off a young woman. Laura taught him to waltz, and Julia began to sing duets with him. Now, these are dangerous employments for a youth of one-and-twenty. The heart turns round, as well as the head sometimes, in a *sauteuse*, and then it is difficult to ask these tender questions appropriated to duets, such as 'Tell me, my heart, why wildly beating?'—'Canst thou teach me to forget?' &c., without some emotion

A week passed by, and the general postman's knock, bringing with it letters from his trustee, who, as an item in his accounts, mentioned that he had just heard that Miss Emily Worthington was quite well, put him in mind that he had not heard from her himself. Oh! how ill-used he felt; he had some thoughts of writing to overwhelm her with reproaches for her neglect; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to treat her with silent disdain. To be sure, such a method of showing his contempt took less time and trouble than writing four pages to express it would have done. That evening he was a little out of spirits, but Julia showed so much gentle sympathy with his sadness, and Laura rallied him so pleasantly upon it, that they pursued the subject long after there was any occasion for it. The week became weeks—there was not a drawback to the enjoyment of the trio, excepting now and then 'some old friends of papa, to whom we must be civil; not,' said Laura, 'but that I would put up with one and all, excepting that odious Sir John Belmore.'

Edward had been in town two months and a fortnight, when one evening Julia—they had been singing 'Meet me by moonlight alone'—asked him to breakfast with them. "I have," said she, "some commissions, and papa will trust me with you." He breakfasted, and attended the blue-eyed Julia to Swan and Edgar's. "Now I have some conscience!" exclaimed she, with one of her sweet languid smiles. Julia had an especially charming smile—it so flattered the person to whom it was addressed. It was that sort of smile which it is impossible to help taking as a personal compliment. "I have a little world of shopping to do—bargains to buy—netting silks to choose; and you will never have patience to wait. Leave me here for an hour, and then come back—now be punctual. Let me look at your watch—ah! it is just eleven. Good-bye, I shall expect you exactly at twelve."

She turned into the shop with a most becoming blush, so pretty, that Edward had half a mind to have followed her in, and quoted Moore's lines—

> "Oh! let me only breathe the air,
> The blessed air that's breathed by thee;"

but a man has a natural antipathy to shopping, and even the attraction of a blush, and a blush especially of that attractive sort, one on your own account—even that was lost in the formidable array of ribands, silks, and bargains—

> "Bought because they may be wanted,
> Wanted because they may be had."

Accordingly, he lounged into his club, and the hour was almost gone before he arrived at Swan and Edgar's. Julia told him she had waited, and he thought—what a sweet temper she must have not to show the least symptom of dissatisfaction! on the contrary, her blue eyes were even softer than usual. By the time they arrived at her father's door he had also arrived at the agreeable conclusion, that he could do no wrong. They parted hastily, for he had a tiresome business appointment; however, they were to meet in the evening, and a thousand little tender things which he intended to say occupied him till the end of his walk.

When the evening came, and after a toilette of that particular attention which in nine cases out of ten one finds leisure to bestow on oneself, he arrived at Mr. Alford's house The first object that caught his attention was Laura looking, as the Americans say, 'dreadful beautiful.' She had on a pink dress direct from Paris, that flung around its own atmosphere *de rose*, and nothing could be more finished than her whole *ensemble*. Not that Edward noted the exquisite perfection of all the feminine and Parisian items which completed her attire, but he was struck by the general effect. He soon found himself, he scarcely knew how, quite devoted to her; and his vanity was flattered, for she was the belle of the evening.

It is amazing how much our admiration takes its tone from the admiration of others; and when that is added an obvious admiration of ourselves, the charm is irresistible. "Be sure," said Laura, in that low, confidential whisper, which implies that only to one could it be addressed, "if you see me bored by that wearisome Sir John Belmore, to come and make me waltz. Really, papa's old friends make me quite undutiful!" There was a smile accompanying the words which seemed to say, that it was not only to avoid Sir John that she desired to dance with himself.

The evening went off most brilliantly; and Edward went home with the full intention of throwing himself at the fascinating Laura's feet the following morning; and, what is much more, he got up with the same resolution. He hurried to Harley-street, and—how propitious the fates are sometimes!—found the *dame de ses pensées* alone. An offer is certainly a desperate act. The cavalier—

> "Longs to speak, and yet shrinks back,
> As from a stream in winter, though the chill
> Be but a moment."

Edward certainly felt as little fear as a gentleman well could do, under the circumstances. He, therefore, lost no time in telling Miss Alford, that his happiness was in her hands. She received the intelligence with a very pretty look of surprise.

"Really," exclaimed she, "I never thought of you but as a friend; and last night I accepted Sir John Belmore! As that is his cabriolet, I must go down to the library to receive him: we should not be so interrupted here with morning visiters!"

She disappeared, and at that moment Edward heard Julia's voice singing on the stairs. It was the last duet that they had sang together.

> "Who shall school the heart's affection!
> Who shall banish its regret!
> If you blame my deep dejection,
> Teach, oh, teach me to forget!"

She entered, looking very pretty, but pale. "Ah," thought Edward, "she is vexed that I allowed myself to be so engrossed by her sister last night."

"So you are alone," exclaimed she "I have such a piece of news to tell you! Laura is going to be married to Sir John Belmore. How can she marry a man she positively despises!"

"It is very heartless," replied Edward, with great emphasis.

"Nay," replied Julia, "but Laura could not live without gaiety. Moreover, she is ambitious. I cannot pretend to judge for her; we never had a taste in common."

"You," said Edward, "would not have so thrown yourself away!"

"Ah! no," answered she, looking down, "the heart is my world!" And Edward thought he had never seen anything so lovely as the deep blue eyes that now looked up full of tears.

"Ah, too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, th' unanswerable tear."

Whither Edward might have floated on the tears of the 'dove-eyed Julia' must remain a question; for at that moment—a most unusual occurrence in a morning—Mr. Alford, came into his own drawing-room.

"So, Madam," he exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate from anger, "I know it all. You were married to Captain Dacre yesterday; and you, Sir," turning to Edward, "made yourself a party to the shameful deception."

"No," interrupted Julia; "Mr. Rainsforth believed me to be in Swan and Edgar's shop the whole time. The fact was, I only passed through it."

Edward stood aghast. So the lady, instead of silks and ribands, was buying, perhaps, the dearest bargain of her life. A few moments convinced him that he was *de trop*; and he left the father storming, and the daughter in hysterics.

On his arrival at his lodgings, he found a letter from his guardians, in which he found the following entered among other items:—"Miss Emily Worthington has been ill, but is now recovering." Edward cared, at this moment, very little about the health or sickness of any woman in the world. Indeed, he rather thought Emily's illness was a judgement upon her. If she had answered his letter, he would have been saved all his recent mortification. He decided on abjuring the flattering and fickle sex for ever, and turned to his desk to look over some accounts to which he was referred by his guardians. While tossing the papers about, half-listless, half-fretful, what should catch his eye but a letter with the seal not broken! He started from his seat in consternation. Why, it was his own epistle to Miss Worthington! No wonder that she had not written; she did not even know his address. All the horrors of his conduct now stared him full in the face. Poor, dear, deserted Emily, what must her feelings have been!—He could not bear to think of them. He snatched up a pen, wrote to his guardians, declaring that the illness of his beloved Emily would, if they did not yield, induce him to take any measure, however desperate; and that he insisted on being allowed permission to visit her. Nothing but his own eyes could satisfy him of her actual recovery. He also wrote to Emily, enclosed the truant letter, and the following day set off for Allerton.

In the meantime what had become of the fair disconsolate? Emily had certainly quite fulfilled her duty of being miserable enough in the first instance. Nothing could be duller than the little village to which was consigned the Ariadne of Allerton. Day after day she roamed—not along the beach, but along the fields towards the post-office, for the letter which, like the breeze in Lord Byron's calm, 'came not.' A fortnight elapsed, when one morning, as she was crossing the grounds of a fine but deserted place in the neighborhood, she was so much struck by the beauty of some pink May, that she stopped to gather it:—alas! like most other pleasures, it was out of her reach. Suddenly, a very elegant looking young man emerged from one of the winding paths, and insisted on gathering it for her. The flowers were so beautiful, when gathered, that it was impossible not to say something in their praise, and flowers lead to many other subjects. Emily discovered that she was talking to the proprietor of the place, Lord Elmsley—and, of course, apologised for her intrusion. He, equally of course, declared that his grounds were only too happy in having so fair a guest.

Next they met by chance again, and, at last, the only thing that made Emily relapse into her former languor was—a wet day; for then there was no chance of seeing Lord Elmsley. The weather, however, was, generally speaking, delightful—and they met, and talked about Lord Byron—nay, read him together; and Lord Elmsley confessed that he had never understood his beauties before. They talked also of the heartlessness of the world; and the delights of solitude in a way that would have charmed Zimmerman. One morning, however, brought Lord Elmsley a letter. It was from his uncle, short and sweet, and ran thus—

"My dear George,—Miss Smith's guardians have at last listened to reason—and allow that your rank is fairly worth her gold. Come up, therefore, as soon as you can and preserve your interest with the lady. What a lucky fellow you are to have fine eyes—for they have carried the prize for you However, as women are inconstant commodities at the best, I advise you to lose no time in securing the heiress.

"Your affectionate uncle, E."

"Tell them," said the Earl, "to order post-horses immediately. I must be off to London in the course of half an hour."

During this half hour he despatched his luncheon, and,—for Lord Elmsley was a perfectly well-bred man,—dispatched the following note to Miss Worthington, whom he was to have met that morning to show her the remains of the heronry:—

"My dear Miss Worthington,—Hurried as I am, I do not forget to return the volume of Lord Byron you so obligingly lent me. How I envy you the power of remaining in the country this delightful season—while I am forced to immure myself in hurried and noisy London. Allow me to offer the best compliments of Your devoted serv't. ELMSLEY."

No wonder that Emily tore the note which she received with smiles and blushes into twenty pieces, and did not get up to breakfast the next day. The next week she had a bad cold, and was seated in a most disconsolate looking attitude and shawl, when a letter was brought in. It contained the first epistle of Edward's, and the following words in the envelope:—

"My adored Emily,—You may forgive me—I cannot forgive myself. Only imagine that the inclosed letter has by some strange chance remained in my desk, and I never discovered the error till this morning. You would pardon me if you knew all I have suffered. How I have reproached you! I hope to see you to-morrow, for I cannot rest till I hear from your own lips that you have forgiven

"Your faithful and unhappy EDWARD."

That very morning Emily left off her shawl, and discovered that a walk would do her good. The lovers met the next day, each looking a little pale—which each set down to their own account. Emily returned to Allerton, and the town was touched to the very heart by a constancy that had stood such a test.

"Three months' absence," as an old lady observed, "is a terrible trial." The guardians thought so too—and the marriage of Emily Worthington to Edward Rainsforth soon completed the satisfaction of the town of Allerton. During the bridal trip, the young couple were one wet day at an inn looking over a newspaper together, and there they saw—the marriage of Miss Smith with the Earl of Elmsley—and of Miss Alford to Sir John Belmore. I never heard that the readers made either of them any remark as they read. They returned to Allerton, lived very happily, and were always held up as touching instances of first love and constancy in the Nineteenth Century. L. E. L.

SONG.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL,

Often when at night delaying
Where the winding river flows,
On the silent waters playing,
How the star of Beauty glows!
In the clear wave brightly sparkling,
Brightly as the love-lit eye,
Now again its beams are darkling,
As the clouds athwart it fly.
With a soft and tender feeling,
Then I whisper out my song,
While the mellow brook is stealing
Silently the sand along.

There is in that twinkling planet
More than all the stars can boast,
And my fond eye loves to scan it,
Like a light-house on a coast,
Where the budding Spring is ever
Pranking out her wooing bowers,
And the locks of beauty never
Float without a crown of flowers,
And her eye is ever straying
Round and round with kindling beam,
Like her own bright planet playing
Sweetly on the silent stream.

Now the star is near the mountain
Slowly setting in the West,
Shining on a crisping fountain,
Or a lakelet's ruffled breast.
Now its maiden brightness mingles
With the mist that hovers there,
Rising from the woody dingles,
Like a streaming tress of hair.

Now a form is imaged round it.
'Tis the form that I adore.
Every charm of Earth has crowned it—
Fairer beauty never wore.
O, how dear that tender feeling,
When the rays of beauty play,
Where the mellow brook is stealing,
Lighted by the moon, away.

THE TEA PLANT IN INDIA.—The result of the researches of the tea-deputation dispatched to Assam under Dr. Wallich, respecting the tea-plant in that country, gives every reason to expect that tea will become a prime article of export from India. The plant has been found in extensive natural plantations, and the localities are such as to encourage the belief that it exists far more extensively than has yet been discovered, and to warrant the conclusion that Assam, and our northern frontiers generally, will afford the most ample field for tea cultivation of every variety. The researches of the deputation have not been limited to the tea-plant; the botanical and geological features of the country have been noted; and Dr. Wallich states that he has never seen or heard of so rich a flora as that of Assam. Asiatic Journal.

WORLD-WEARINESS.

Come, Death, and leave the couch of beauty,
Spread horror through no region blest:
Here do thy seasonable duty:—
A grave for this old man were best.

Compelled unwillingly to linger,
Unloved, a tree with branches sere,
Come, and with sweet oblivious finger,
Death: do thine office here.

For gone are all with whom he mated,
Nor wife nor child now o'er him bend,
Though unto many long related,
Thou art his only friend.

Thick grows the film upon the vision;
Cold flows the blood his veins within:
Pale porter of the gates Elysian!
Thou art his next of kin.

Around him grows the scene more dreary,
Darker the clouds come o'er his west:
Hard is thy bed, but he is weary,
And sound will be his rest.

London Metropolitan. RICHARD HOWITT.

A GAME AT COQUETRY.

* * * * [There are two friends, one of whom is engaged to a lady; the other has spent an evening of coquetry with the betrothed, and the engaged gentleman is *enragé*. Here is the interview that follows between them:]

Markham was impatiently pacing backward and forward in his apartment, with a lowering brow and perturbed aspect, as Winchester entered.

Winchester passed his hands through his hair, and adjusted his cravat at the glass.

Markham stood frowning by. "When you have entirely finished your arrangements, I should be glad to be allowed to inquire the motive of your present conduct—if any motive you have beyond the indulgence of a heartless levity."

"Have you any other question to ask?—because it will be less trouble to answer all your interrogations at once."

"It is folly to ask questions when we know that replies cannot be given. I have only to express my regret that you should have taken the trouble of this journey, just to prove to me that there are male coquettes as well as females."

"Any thing further?"

"Nothing but that you are——"

"Stay, Fred, stay, else you may say something I ought not to forgive. Well, I am resolved that I never will have another sensible friend; they are all such impervious-headed fools. Why, you are more easily deceived than a woman! Cannot even see with your eyes open!"

"I see only that you are encouraging the evil qualities of a woman who is doomed to be my wife, and exposing her to the ridicule of the world."

"I am only playing at coquetry with an adept in the game."

"And confirming my wife in its practice even before my eyes."

"No, Fred, she will never be your wife. She has done me the honor of sending by me her dismissal of your honorable self."

A strange mixture of feelings overspread the countenance of Markham, as he received Miss Linley's billet. Was it possible that so serious a circumstance could have been settled between his mistress and his friend with such an unseemly levity? But it was even so—Miss Linley had thought further on their engagement, and, being convinced that it would not promote their mutual happiness, she apologised, as she would have done for not attending a party, for being obliged to relinquish her engagement.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Markham: "and how, Frank, did you obtain this?"

"Oh! you think too seriously of these things," replied his friend: "matrimony is not of half the importance you imagine. A mere nothing, believe me"

"You fill me with wonder at your easy and rapid influence; and with amazement how you could obtain it over her imperious mind."

"Oh, on principle. I do every thing on principle. Always take it as a rule, Fred, that, *where you find a tyrant, you have there the true materials for a slave.* This has been the principle of my conduct toward Miss Linley. I found in you a slave, in her a tyrant: it was easy to assume the one, and to reduce her to the other. Receive this as a maxim, my dear fellow, and it will be useful to you through life; I always act upon it."

"But this letter! how was it obtained?"

"Oh, without trouble. You know I hate trouble. I would not sit by Lætitia's side at dinner, because she was engaged to you."

"Is it possible?"

"Very possible: so she was piqued, and told me that she was still a free agent, and would never be a slave to any man. I laughed, sang, and replied, that I never paid any attention to married women, because they were all *passées*, gone by, and that I was going to find out whether the little girl with blue eyes at the bottom of the table was worth any words. She rolled her black eyes spitefully at

me, and told me that she would prove that she was free, and, taking a pencil and the envelope of a letter, which was in her reticule, she hastily scribbled your dismissal, which she gave me with one hand, as I took the other and led her to the dinner-table."

"And into this woman's hands I was committing the happiness of my life!"

"One of the wise things that sensible men sometimes do."

Markham sat with his face buried in his hands and his elbows leaning on the table. What a strange mixture of feelings swelled his heart! Among those feelings mortified self-love took the place of wounded affection. This, then, was the end of all his sanguine dreams.

Winchester gave him ten minutes' time for self-recollection. At its close he said, "Well, Fred, at what time shall I order our chaise?"

"Now! this moment! when you will!"

"It is late to-night, and I should not like us to go off like disappointed men. Let us breakfast here to-morrow, be as gay as May, and then show them a light pair of heels."

Markham hesitated. "Shall I tell you freely what has been passing in my mind?"

"At once."

"It is this—that in freeing me you have entangled yourself."

Winchester burst into intemperate laughter; but he could not laugh away the impression from Markham's mind.

"What preposterous folly this is of yours! Bound to the wind! tied to the air!"

"No matter to what: we should be true to ourselves."

"I tell you what, Fred, you will drive me out of all patience with your sickly sensibility. Are you not content with your own escape, but you must now involve me?"

"Your honor is as dear to me as my own. It will be said that you excited expectations in Miss Linley merely to serve a temporary purpose; that the moment that purpose was accomplished you fled. It is just the point on which a brother would send you a challenge."

"Has she a brother?"

"No."

"Well, then, since you cannot misconstrue my motive, I will stay long enough to prove all Miss Linley's dear friends, and all whom it may concern, that I am in disgrace, and that she is not deserted, and I think I am very generous in humoring you so far. Let me see: how long will suffice for that? Till to-morrow morning; yes, I think I can contrive to get into pretty deep discredit before to-morrow noon; so I shall order the chaise at twelve. We will go a stage or two, and dine on the road."

[There is some truth in this painting, which, although it is roughly executed, contains a practical satire of daily application. Winchester is as good as his word. He treats the lady with the most supercilious indifference, and she threatens to recall Markham. Here is the moral of he coquet's story:]—

Miss Linley beckoned to Markham.

"If you speak to him, I leave you."

"Do you threaten me?"

"No, but myself—and for ever!"

"Well, good bye."

Markham approached. Miss Linley smiled sweetly upon him, such a smile as once brought him to her feet.

"Mr. Markham," said the lady, "I cannot endure to see you looking so painfully grave, especially," and she looked modestly down, "while I reproach myself with being the unworthy cause. This is a more commodious seat than the one which you have quitted: will you not take it?"

Markham's face was an index of wounded feeling. "Madam," he said, "it is better I should leave your presence altogether, for, I confess that in it I cannot either look or feel otherwise than pained and sorrowful. I forgive you," he added, in real emotion, "I forgive you the agony of spirit which what has been play to you has caused me, and I earnestly hope that the feelings of an honest man may never again be within your power."

"And good bye," Winchester added, "good bye, and as I threatened you, for ever. I say nothing of my feelings: for if there can be no sympathy where there are no feelings, I must sympathize with you, for I have none. As to the affairs of the heart, they are all milk and water, and fit only for boarding school misses. You will not regret me, because I am only the shadow. Markham was the substance. Adieu? adieu!"

Markham bowed profoundly, and walked sorrowfully away; Winchester retired backward, with an impertinent reverence, as from the presence of majesty.

Miss Linley sank on her sofa almost annihilated. Who can tell what an echo her heart gave back to the sound of their chariot-wheels!"

London Forget-Me-Not.

IMPROMPTU.

"If youth is but a joyous time,
A world of flowers—a summer sky—
What, ere man is in his prime,
Is its remembrance but a sigh?"

THE ABSENT.

'Tis midnight deep. I came but now
From the bright air of lighted halls;
And while I hold my aching brow,
I gaze upon my dim-lit walls:
And feeling here that I am free
To wear the look that suits my mood,
And let my thoughts flow back to thee,
I bless my humble solitude;
And bidding all thoughts else begone,
I muse upon thy love alone.

Yet was the music sweet to-night,
And fragrant spices filled the air;
And flowers were drooping in the light,
And lovely women wandered there:
And fruits and wines with lavish waste
Were on the marble tables piled:
And all that tempts the eye and taste,
And sets the haggard pulses wild;
And wins from care, and deadens sadness,
Were there—but yet I felt no gladness!

I thought of thee,—I thought of thee!
Each cunning change the music played,
Each fragrant breath that stole to me,
My wandering thought more truant made;
The lovely women passed me by,
The wit fell powerless on my ear;
I looked on all with vacant eye,
I did not see—I did not hear.

The skilled musician's master-tone
Was sweet—thy voice were sweeter far;
They were soft eyes the lamp shone on,—
The eyes I worship gentler are:
The halls were broad, the mirrors tall,
With silver lamps, and costly wine,—
I only thought how poor was all
To one low tone from lips like thine.
I only felt how well forgot
Were Earth's best joys—*Where thou wert not!*

London New Monthly. SLINGSBY.

THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

[The subjoined is a vivid account of this awful contest, on what Lord Byron calls 'Albuera's glorious field of grief.' In this conflict, one of the British brigades lost one thousand and fifty men, killed and wounded, out of one thousand four hundred. An officer, then a subaltern, thus describes it:]

The last brigade went into action led by a Major General, and with its due proportion of Field-officers and Captains. I saw it at three in the afternoon, a Captain commanded the brigade: the 57th and 48th regiments were commanded by Lieutenants; and the junior Captain of the 29th regiment was the senior effective officer of his corps Not one of these six regiments lost a man by the sabre or the lance; they were never driven, never thrown into confusion; they fought in line, sustaining and replying to a heavy fire, and often charging; and when the enemy at length fled, the standards of these heroic battalions flew in proud, though mournful triumph, in the centre of their weakened but victorious lines. * * * *

I would now relate what fell under my own observation, and describe, if it be possible, my feelings on that day. We stood to our arms an hour before break of day: it was a brilliant sight, at sun-rise, to see the whole of the French cavalry moving on the plain; but in a short time they retired into the wood, leaving their picquets as before. The battalion being dismissed, I breakfasted, and immediately afterwards set out to walk towards the Spanish troops, little dreaming, that day, of a general action. But the sound of a few shots caused me to return; and I found our line getting hastily under arms, and saw the enemy in motion. The prelude of skirmishing lasted about an hour and a half, and our division lost a few men by random gun-shot; all this time we were standing at ease, and part of it exposed to a heavy, chilling, and comfortless rain. Sounds, however, which breathed all the fierceness of battle, soon reached us; the continued rolling of musquetry, accompanied by loud and repeated discharges of cannon on our extreme right, told us, convincingly, that the real attack was in that quarter. The brigades of our division were successively called to support it. We formed in open column of companies at half distance, and moved in rapid double quick time to the scene of action. I remember well, as we moved down in column, shot and shell flew over and through it in quick succession; we sustained little injury from either, but a captain of the twenty-ninth had been dreadfully lacerated by a ball, and lay directly in our path. We passed close to him, and he knew us all, and the heart-rending tone in which he called to us for water, or to kill him, I shall never forget. He lay alone, and we were in motion, and could give him no succor; for, on this trying day, such of the wounded as could not walk, lay unattended where they fell: all was hurry and struggle; every arm was wanted in the field. When we arrived near the discomfited and retiring Spaniards, and formed our line to advance through them towards the enemy, a very noble looking young Spanish officer rode up to me, and begged me, with a sort of proud and brave anxiety, to explain to the English, that his countrymen were ordered to retire, but were not flying.

Just as our line had entirely cleared the Spaniards, the smoky shroud of battle was, by the slackening of the fire, for one minute blown aside, and gave to our view the French grenadier caps, their arms, and the whole aspect of their frowning masses. It was a momentary, but a grand sight. A heavy atmosphere of smoke again enveloped us, and few objects could be discerned at all,—none distinctly. The coolest and bravest soldier, if he be in the midst of it, can make no calculation of time during an engagement. Interested and animated, he marks not the flight of the hours, but he feels that,

——'Come what may come,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.'

This murderous contest of musketry lasted long. We were the whole time progressively advancing upon and shaking the enemy. At the distance of about twenty yards from them we received orders to charge; we had ceased firing, cheered, and had our bayonets in a charging position, when a body of the enemy's horse was discovered under the shoulder of a rising ground, ready to take advantage of our impetuosity. Already, however, had the French infantry, alarmed by our preparatory cheers, which always indicate the charge, broken and fled, abandoning some guns and howitzers about sixty yards from us. The presence of their cavalry not permitting us to pursue, we halted and recommenced firing on them. The slaughter was now, for a few minutes, dreadful; every shot told; their officers attempted in vain to rally them; they would make no effort. Some of their artillery, indeed, took up a distant position, which much annoyed our line; but we did not move until we had expended every round of our ammunition, and then retired in the most perfect order, to a spot sheltered from their guns, and lay down in line, ready to repulse any fresh attack with the bayonet. To describe my feelings throughout this wild scene with fidelity, would be impossible: at intervals, a shriek or a groan told that the men were falling around me; but it was not always that the tumult of the contest suffered me to catch these sounds. A constant falling to the centre of the line, and the gradual diminution of our front, most truly bespoke the havoc of death. As we moved, though slowly, yet ever a little in advance, our own killed and wounded lay behind us; but we arrived among those of the enemy, and those of the Spaniards who had fallen in the first onset: we trod among the dead and dying, all reckless of them.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

O Sleep! delicious closer of sad eyes,
Thou that dost make Care's heavy burthen light;
Sorrow's calm haven; that dost clear the sight
To see fresh glory in the morning skies:
Did I not love thee I should be unwise;
For when I start from thee in the still night,
Thou watchest near me like an angel bright,
Divine and endless in sweet mysteries,
Death, were thy bed as pleasant, I would steep
My aching temples in thy slumbers, Death!
In that thy rest is dreamless and more deep.
But then thou breathest not morn's odorous breath,
Joyous, and oft-recurring—when from sleep
Lightly we rise—glad hours I fain would keep.

London Metropolitan. RICHARD HOWITT.

GAMBLING.—A KISS THE STAKE.—I have no objection myself to a merry round game for an hour or so at night, or to a determined rubber or two of whist at the same genial season; but I have an invincible distaste for any such amusement, under any circumstances whatever in the light of day. This my new friends soon found out, and they could not account for it, though I explained it as an affair of habit. However, one auction game, they said, we must have before we separated, in which the whole cabin must be interested, and the first prize was to be accompanied by a license to the winner, if a gentleman, to kiss every lady on board. My gallantry was touched by this proposal, and, of course, I sat down at the table, upon which there was a general shout of triumph.

The ladies joined in the game, as they said, for their own protection; but it was plain enough that none of them wished to win the first prize, though it was equally clear that they were anxious it should not fall to the lot of a huge Hungarian sergeant, whom Count P——, for the drollery of the contrast between this man and the delicate countess, had purposely invited from before the mast, to participate in the contest. I need not say that great was the rivalry at the auction, over which the count, as usual, presided, so that the prices at which the cards were knocked down, went beyond all former example.

In due course, the cards were drawn for the prizes, and placed under them—the ladies were already preparing, by coquettish smiles, and transient blushes, and gentle palpitations, for the visitations they were about to undergo. At length the ominous card was called out, when lo! to the mortification, most especially of the young Tyrolese doctor, and to the consternation of the pretty countess, the sergeant proved to be the happy man. Her ladyship, with inimitable grace, allowed the cyclops to kiss her hand, with which he had the good taste to be contented; but the had ample revenge, amidst peals of laughter on a dry old maid, whom nobody would have kissed but himself.

Quin's Voyage down the Danube.

From the London Keepsake for 1837.

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. ABBY.

We miss her from these halls of mirth,
Her home is by a calmer hearth,
And gold and gems no longer grace
The loveliest daughter of her race,
She dwells in a secluded spot,
And her vain kindred name her not,
Save to deplore in baffled pride,
The fortunes of the exiled Bride.

The exquisite and tutored song,
That once entranced this radiant throng,
She murmurs now in woodland bowers,
Amid the stars, and trees, and flowers;
Yet *one* shall bless those syren lays,
And in those dark eyes warmly gave,
And joyously the hours shall glide
O'er the fond lover and his bride.

Fair girl, rest calmly in thy bliss,
Thou wert not formed for scenes like this,
For feverish hopes, and jealous fears,
And heartless smiles, and hidden tears;
Thy gay companions mourn thy doom,
Think on thy fading smiles and bloom,
Their feelings worn, and spirits dried,
And weep for them—young happy bride.

Far from the world's deceitful maze,
Thine are calm nights, and peaceful days,
And Friendship's smile, and Love's caress
Hallow thy household's happiness;
Then in thy guarded home remain,
We would not wish thee here again,
And ever may good angels guide
Thy ways in safety—gentle Bride.

TEXAS.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Batavia Times, dated

COLUMBIA, (Texas,) Nov. 2, 1836.

Sir—It is undoubtedly the opinion of those in the United States that an individual in this country ought to know something of its condition. But I confess that the people of the United States hear more news, particularly that which partakes of the marvellous, than we do here. At present, every thing is quiet; the inhabitants of the country are peaceably pursuing their ordinary avocations. The only complaint I hear is a general scarcity of provisions—I mean breadstuffs. This arises from the fact, that when the Mexicans invaded the country last Spring, every man, almost without an exception, took what is here termed the 'great scare,' and fled from their plantations; the consequence was, that the crop was neglected; and when they did return, the season was so far advanced that not half a crop was raised in the country. Some inconvenience is therefore experienced in this particular.

Nature has probably lavished her bounties with a more profuse hand on this country than on any other in the world. Every thing is here raised in abundance—or, rather, the country is susceptible of its produce. Cotton is produced in the greatest abundance, so far as the trial has been made, and that, too, of the finest quality. It is a very moderate calculation to say that the cotton lands of Texas, when under a proper state of cultivation, will produce one third more than any cotton lands under the same cultivation in the United States. The sugar land is undoubtedly far superior to any other in the known world. It is true that this fact has not yet been fully demonstrated, for the reason that too much capital is required to carry it on, and this country is yet in extreme infancy. This, however, will be one of the staple products of the country. Corn grows in great luxuriance,—but in this particular this country possesses no great advantages over our own. Wheat has been raised, but to a very limited extent—for the very obvious reason that there are no mills in the country for grinding it. This, however, will be overcome as the country advances and peace is restored.—The Irish potatoe produces well, but in order to ensure such a result, it is necessary to renew the seed every year. But there is no spot in the world where the sweet potatoe reaches greater perfection. Rye and oats can also be produced; but little of either is cultivated—the former for the want of conveniences for grinding it, and the latter is rarely fed to horses—corn being the only feed.

For a grazing country, there is no place on earth that can excel this. The ranges for cattle are almost illimitable. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a farmer to have from one to two thousand head of cattle. The maintenance of them costs him nothing, with perhaps the exception of herding them once or twice a year. Every man has his brand, with which he is obliged to mark his cattle and horses.—They are then turned loose upon the prairies, and it is a rare circumstance if they break herd and separate. They will frequently range off for miles, but as the winter season approaches, and feed becomes more scarce in the prairies, they will take to the bottom lands, which are always covered with timber, where they are sure to find good pasturage. In this way the cattle are always fat—equally so with most of the stall-fed beef of the North.

The *mustang*, or wild horse, roam through the prairies in great abundance. These are caught by the inhabitants and tamed, but the undertaking is not unfrequently a hazardous one. There are, however, enough to engage in it. Notwithstanding this, horses are remarkably high and scarce.—This is owing to the great demand for them for the army, for which service they have been taken without any ceremony, wherever found.

I have performed, as in duty bound, a pilgrimage to the famous battle-ground of San Jacinto. I could not help but be struck with the favorable position selected by Santa Ana for this bloody engagement. The battle was fought in a rolling prairie, and he posted his men on an eminence commanding the country around—his right resting on a wood, and an impassible bayou in his rear, and also to his right, something like eight or ten rods within the above mentioned wood, his army divided into two divisions, with heavy artillery in the centre, and a breast-work thrown up to cover both wings of the army.

This was their position when the gallant Houston and his patriotic little band came in view. It never once entered into the imagination of the Mexican tyrant that the army of the Republic would dare to attack him under such circumstances. But it was with the greatest difficulty that Houston could keep his men in check. After drawing them up in line, he placed himself between them and the enemy, and riding from one end of it to the other, kept them back until he arrived within about thirty paces of the foe—the Mexicans keeping up a constant fire; then it was that he was wounded, and his horse shot down under him. Mounting another, he rode between the two lines, and ordered his men to let loose 'the dogs of war'—for, until this, not a shot had been fired by the Texian army. Then it was that death and destruction was carried into the ranks of the enemy. At every discharge of the riflemen, the Mexican gunners who were working the artillery were mowed down like grass; another set would come,—but, before they could apply the match, death would overtake them. This was clearly evinced from the appearance of things when I visited the field. The spot where the artillery was posted was strewed with bones as thick as they could lie—here a skull, and there a skull, with the bones of legs, arms, &c.; indeed they were strewed all over the field. As soon as the charge was made by the Texians, the Mexican army broke and fled in every direction; and then a complete scene of slaughter commenced, and was followed up until they threw down their arms and cried lustily for quarters. In every bye-corner where it was possible for one of the poor creatures to crawl off and secrete himself during the chase, he would do so,—and most of them being wounded, there they would leave their bones, and there they lie now. Some of the skulls that I examined had ball-holes through them; others were cleft open, evidently done by a broadsword. There was one spot that I examined, where for half a mile there was a perfect win-row of caps, coats and jackets. This was after the route of the army, and I was informed that this was the place where two hundred and fifty Mexicans surrendered to thirty Texians. The people in Western New-York have but a poor idea of the Mexican soldiery. They are a miserable looking set of beings. They are far inferior in every respect to the Tonnawanta Indians; they are equally dark colored, and generally small in stature.

At this season of the year, the weather is remarkably warm—as much so as it is in Western New-York in August and September. The forests are now green, and flowers in blossom. There is no trouble in having a garden the year round; the winter offers no impediment.

Texas abounds in wild game. The inhabitants inform me that it is by no means an unusual sight to see five hundred deer in one drove. I have not been able to see as many at once, but I have seen large droves of them. In the middle of the day, they may be found in the open prairie, and at night they generally retire to the timber. The buffalo, bear, panther, wild turkey, goose, swan, pelican, duck, and every thing of this description, abound in profuse abundance. In a day or two I shall set out out for the buffalo country. Some of the finest lands in Texas lie in the upper country. The only objection to it is, that the Indians are somewhat disposed to be troublesome at the present time.

Columbia, as you must be aware, is at present the seat of government. It is, however, only for the time being. As soon as the country becomes settled, the seat of government will be permanently located more in the interior.

A great many sales of scrip for land in Texas have been made in the United States. I have made many inquiries on this subject, and every one concur in saying that they are good for nothing.

The time for planting corn here is the middle of February. I mention this fact merely to show the difference of seasons here and in New-York.

F. FOLLETT.

CURIOUS FACT.—In the Bay of Argostoli, in the island of Cephalonia, there are two streams which flow *from* the sea *into* the land, and one of them has been employed to turn a mill. Many hypotheses have been started to account for this phenomenon, some supposing a difference of level on different sides of the island, and that the stream flowing through a subterranean tunnel restores the equilibrium; others suppose that some volcanic relations are involved, although there does not exist any recent volcanic formation in the neighborhood, and during an earthquake no effect was produced upon these rivulets.

London New Monthly.

PLUMBAGO OR BLACK LEAD.—This substance, which is used for various purposes in the arts, but is most generally known as the material for the common pencil, is found in many parts of the world: but the principal, and only very valuable localities, are Barrowdale in England, and Sturbridge in Massachusetts. The mine at Barrowdale is private property, and only so much is taken from it annually, as will supply the market at certain rates, which amount to about 3,000*l.* a year. The quantity wanted is taken from the mine, which is then closed up until another year. The London price for pieces of the best quality, is 45*s.* per pound; the remainder is sold at 35*s.*, but no addition can be made to the supply in market till another year. There are but seven or eight purchasers in the whole.

Pencils are of three kinds, the common, ever-pointed, and what are called plummets. The latter are compounded of one-third sulphuret of antimony, and two-thirds plumbago. In making the common pencil, the cedar is first sawn into suitable pieces of the requisite thickness—then grooved by a fly-wheel to receive the lead. The lead is cut into thin plates to suit the groove, and after being introduced is scratched on the sides with a sharp instrument, which causes it to break exactly at the groove. The top is then glued on, and the pencils are rounded.

In making the ever-pointed kind, the lead is first cut into plates, and then with a steel gage into square pieces. To round them, they are passed through three or four small holes, armed with perforated rubies, which last about four days. The hardest steel will not last for this purpose more than three hours.

In London six of these points cost about fifty cents: if cheaper than this, the purchaser may be assured they are adulterated. Genuine cedar pencils cost there twelve cents each. What in this country is frequently sold for black lead pencils, is nothing more than fuller's earth and vermicelli, mixed with a small proportion of plumbago. Such pencils can be sold as low as six or eight cents a dozen. Besides its use for pencils, plumbago is extensively used for manufacturing crucibles, as when properly prepared it resists the most intense heat—for mixing with grease to put on the axles of wagons, machinery, &c.—and it furnishes the best blacking for stoves of any substance yet discovered.

Genesee Farmer.

A GRAVE JOKE.—Many good stories are told of old Ethan Allen, of revolutionary memory. The following is not a bad one:—He was one evening at a party where his well-known courage was the theme of conversation. "He fears nothing," said one. "And I would wager any amount that he would not hesitate to go into the churchyard across the way, and bring a scull from one of the open tombs there," added another. The wager was agreed upon, and one of the party suddenly left the apartment, as Allen entered it. The absent *bon vivant* procured a sheet, whitened his face, and repaired to one of the vaults in question, with the view of frightening the old veteran, should he have the temerity to further the wishes of the company. Allen was made acquainted with the nature of the wager, and without a moment's hesitation, said he would bring the required skull and lay it upon the table. He went to the vault and laid his hand upon one, when his concealed acquaintance cried out in a sepulchral tone, "*That's mine!*" "Very well," replied he, and picked up another. When the same voice repeated, "*That's mine too!*" "That can't be true," returned the imperturbable hero, for no man can have two skulls!" Upon this he quickly left the vault, with the *memento mori* in his hand; his friend following in hot haste, half frightened out of his senses. Allen, however, soonest reached the room where he had left his companions, and placing the skull upon the table, exclaimed, "There, gentlemen, there you have it; but look at it quickly, for the fellow is close behind me that owns it!" The man in the sheet immediately came in, and the laugh was universal against him.

N. Y. Mirror.

NEW REPORTS FROM THE COURT OF LOVE.—FOR LADIES ONLY.—Some ladies possess most inflammable hearts; it is dangerous for a gentleman to look at them. Common civility they misinterpret into particular attention—designedly. A smile is an offer; a fugitive glance, evidence of deep interest; an invitation to a ride or walk, an engagement, and all of these—smile, glance and invitation, proof of a broken heart and a thumping claim for heavy damages therefor. With such persons, the situation of a young gentleman is highly dangerous. A look will cost him dollars, a bow hundreds, and a smile thousands. Poor soul, he has no idea of his case. With the most innocent and lukewarm feeling possible, and without ever having thought of Cupid or his paraphernalia, he suddenly finds himself seized by John Doe and Richard Roe, and trotted into court to answer unto his honor for having beaten, bruised, and otherwise injured the heart of some fair spinister with whom he felt hardly acquainted. Some uncle or aunt testifies to a smile, a laugh, a ride, a note; rhetorical flourish is made about broken hearts, injured feelings, and lost expectations, and then the jury kindly heal the aforesaid broken heart with a huge quantity of shiners.

Yeoman's Gazette.

LET ME DIE.

Let me die, mother, let me die,
There is grief upon my brow,
And the head thou didst nurse in my infant hours,
Is sick and fevered now.
Lift high the curtain's hanging fold
And let the free air in.
I would go e'er the breath of the world has come
To mark this brow with sin.

Let me die, mother, let me die,
Earth has no home for me,
For Sorrow hath haunted my wayward steps
From the hours of infancy;
It has been but a weary time since first
My bark to the waves was hurled,
Yet deep, full deep has my spirit felt
The scorns of the angry world.

Let me die, mother, let me die—
I would linger with thee still,
But my young heart pines for the better land
Where I may not know of ill.
Take far from me that cup of wine,
With its flashings deep and high,
Let the warm wind's breath come in once more,
Then, mother, let me die.

Tioga Phenix. MARY EMILY JACKSON.

AN ENGLISHMAN AT DAMASCUS.—"I rambled all the afternoon among these singular scenes, giving nearly as much amusement to those who had never seen a Frank dress before, as I received from all that was new to me. It is only six months since an European has been able to appear in his own costume, and very few have yet been here to display it. I am to many, therefore, a most singular exhibition. I appear so mean a figure in comparison with those of the flowing robes about me, that I am miserably out of conceit of my wardrobe, and have no occasion to be flattered with the notice I have attracted. The Turkish women mutter 'God is merciful!' as I pass them, and seem to call for protection from my ill-omened aspect; the Christian women laugh aloud, and chatter with their sweet voices comments far from favorable to my appearance. As I walked in front of a group of these merry dames, I drew my handkerchief from my coat pocket, and naturally enough applied it to wipe the dust off my eyes. I was assailed by such a shout of laughter, that I thought I had committed some frightful indiscretion. I stood in great perplexity, with my handkerchief in my hand, evidently an object of intense interest, for many women came shuffling from a distance to see the show. This was at length ended by my returning the cause of all the amusement to its place; when, forgetting their propriety, they clapped their hands, and laughed with double enjoyment.

"It is not a difficult matter to become the wonder of a city: and as yet unconscious of the way in which I had merited to be one, I followed the crowd, as the evening approached, towards the convent. When we had entered the gate, a little boy, struck by the singular shape of a round hat which I wore, clapped his hands and called out, 'Abu-tanjier!' 'Abu-tanjier!' 'the father of a cooking-pot!' This was echoed from every side; for the resemblance a hat bears to the common cooking-vessel with a rim to it, is too strong to escape, and I was pursued by the shouts of the people till I was nearly out of sight.

"A woman, who had heard the uproar, came to her door, and, as I had out-walked the crowd, she could not resist the chance of gratifying her curiosity, and begged me to show her my hat. I took it off with great gravity, and put it in her hands; I believe she was disappointed to find that it was not a cooking-pot in reality: I rescued it from her in time to save it, or it might have been lodged in one of the colleges, as a perpetual puzzle to the learned of the city." Major Skinner's journey to India.

EDWARD OSBORNE.—In the year 1530, when London bridge was covered with houses, overhanging the pent-up turbulent stream, as if the ordinary dangers of life were not sufficient, that men should, out of their ingenuity, invent new ones, desert *terra firma*, and like so many beavers, perch their dwellings on a crazy bridge, Sir William Howard, citizen of London, and cloth-worker, inhabited one of these temptations of Providence. His only child, a pretty girl, was playing with a servant at a window over the water, and fell into the rapids through which, even now-a-days it is counted a feat to shoot. Many a one beheld the sight in the helplessness of terror, without dreaming of venturing into the stream. But there was one to whom the life of the perishing child was dearer than his own; and that was the apprentice of Sir William Howard. He leaped into the water after his youthful mistress, and by the aid of a bold heart and a strong arm, bore her in safety to the shore: and he had his reward. Years rolled on, and each succeeding one brought wealth to the father, and grace and loveliness to the noble-minded daughter. Such was the fame of her beauty, that even in that aristocratic age, the gallant and far descended chivalry of the land were rival suitors for the hand of the merchant queen of hearts. But fairer in her eyes was the 'prentice cap of the daring youth who had snatched her from the whirling waters, than the coronet of the peer; and with the single-minded disinterestedness of a genuine woman, she gave to her untitled preserver, Edward Osborne, the hand and heart which the Earl of Shrewsbury, the heir of the lofty house of Talbot, had sighed for in vain. Well did her lover vindicate her choice! Edward Osborne was a nobleman born, of God's creation, not man's. He rose by successful industry to the highest honors of the city whose merchants are the paymasters of the rulers of the earth. And from the city beauty,—to whom faith and love were dearer than titles and wealth, and the merchant 'prentice, who perilled his life so frankly in the cause of the helpless, and for the sake of humanity, as ever did high-born youth for fame and glory, and golden spurs,—descends by a lineage more noble than if he had sprung from the most heroic stock of crowned robbers that ever troubled the world with their achievements, George William Osborne, Duke of Leeds. New Monthly Magazine.

DISBANDING OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.—When has the sun in all his course since time began, shone upon a scene like the disbanding of the Revolutionary army? Where is the history that can show its parallel, or the people that can boast its equal? An army flushed with victory, that had just achieved the independence of its country and given it a name and place among the nations; had effected with indescribable toil and hardship, the high purpose of its enlistment, and that had large and just claims upon the treasury, as well as gratitude of the nation, is summoned upon parade for the last time; their arrearages are unpaid, they are without a dollar in their pockets, without comfortable apparel, without a single day's rations in their knapsacks hundreds of miles from home; which home may have been desolated in their absence by savage violence, many of them enfeebled by sickness and protracted sufferings, and all of them goaded by extreme sensitiveness, by a most eloquent exhibition of their deserts, and an existing portraiture of their grievances, by a talented and ingenious factionist. Will their love of country overcome the promptings of selfishness, and the keen and bitter stings of disappointment? Will they refuse to listen to the song of the syren, that justifies and urges self remuneration? Will these careworn and neglected veterans pile ther arms and literally beg their passage homewards. Will they quietly surrender the means of redress in their hands, and trust cold charity for bread, and the tardy justice of the country for remuneration? Oh, it is more than human—it is God-like! The drum beats—the line is formed—the flag of independence is advanced to th efront—the officers, with uncovered heads, bid their men a silent farewell; filing off, they pile up their arms in solemn silence, and with clasped hands and averted eyes, are dismissed each to his own way. Is there aught in Grecian, or Roman story, in ancient or mordern revolutions, that can equal the last act of our veteran fathers' magnanimity and patriotism?

Lawrence's Oration.

PROOF THAT A MERCHANT IS NOT A REAL GENTLEMAN.—The New Monthly Magazine gives us the following:—A nobleman, who had mixed much with all classes, maintained that he had never known any one, however remotely connected with trade, that was in mind and manners strictly a gentleman. I mentioned an instance of the most polished, courteous, and universally courted merchant I knew—one indeed, who, though his name stood in a business firm, could scarcely be said to be acquainted with any of its concerns. "No," said his lordship, "he is not a gentleman. Suppose the gardener of Mr. W. (a perfect specimen of the old-fashioned, well educated man of landed property) were to say to him, 'Sir, we have more pines or more plants than we want: what is to be done with them?' Mr. W. would reply, 'Send them to such and such persons, with my compliments, or inquire of Mr. A.'s or D.'s gardener if he thinks they will be acceptable.' But were the gardener of your friend K. to ask the same question, his master would immediately inquire what they would fetch, and desire them to be sold." It was in the same feeling that this same noble one day at dinner, when an acquaintance of humbler condition expressed his fondness for hare, turned to the Butler, and desired him to take care that Mr. —— was well supplied with hares during the season. A brace were accordingly sent him every week. K. would have mentally computed that two hares would fetch 4s., and that 4s. a week made 10*l.* 8s. a year.

THE GREAT BELL AT MOSCOW.—An interesting ceremony lately took place at Moscow. The famous bell, the largest and handsomest in the world, was raised from the ground where it had long lain. It was cast in 1733, by order of the Empress Anne, by Michael Motoren, a Russian metal-founder. Its height is 21 feet, its diameter 23, its weight 12,000 poods, 480,000 lbs. (433,000 lbs. English weight.) The beauty of the form, the bas-reliefs with which it is adorned, and the value of the metal (which is a composition of gold, silver, and copper,) render it remarkable, as showing the advanced state of the art of casting in metal in Russia at that early period. It was raised by a very ingenious contrivance of M. Montferaud, and is placed for the present on a pedestal.

London New Monthly.

OH! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS?

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Oh! where do Fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the hills?
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystalized their rills;
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip.
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps in small blue diving-bells,
They plunge beneath the waves;
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves;
Perhaps in red Vesuvius
Carousal they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

When THEY return, there will be mirth
And music in the air;
And fairy rings upon the earth,
And mischief every where;
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy proof,
When green leaves come again.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.—The Russians, when disciplined, become excellent soldiers. They are locomotive *machines*, which may be moved in any direction at the will of the officers. The Russian soldier has no opinion of his own—his *passive obedience* and *ability of suffering* under protracted physical inconveniences, are almost unexampled. He conceives it to be his duty to *obey his officers* under any circumstances, regardless of peril or even death. Many anecdotes might be related to illustrate the blind obedience of the Russian soldier. The following is from a work entitled the 'Resources of Russia:'

"Peter the Great, at an interview with the kings of Denmark and Poland, hearing them boast of the superiority of their soldiers, instead of disputing the point with them, proposed an experiment which was immediately assented to, and which was to order a grenadier to jump out of a third floor window. The king of Denmark tried the experiment on one of his bravest and most loyal soldiers, who on his knees refused compliance. The king of Poland waved the trial altogether, conceiving it to be hopeless; when Peter ordered one of his soldiers, the least promising that could be picked out, to descend the window. The soldier merely crossed himself, touched his hat according to form, boldly marched to the window, and had already one of his legs out, when the emperor stopped him, and told him he was satisfied. The kings were astonished, and each made the soldier a present of 100 ducats, requesting Peter to promote him to the rank of officer. The Czar answered that he would do so to oblige them, but not to reward the soldier—for all his soldiers would do as much; and by rewarding them in the same way, he would have no soldiers at all."

Sir Robert Wilson, in his 'Campaigns in Poland,' relates that on one occasion a detachment being ordered by Prince Potemkin, to take possession of a particular post, was met on the way by another detachment in full retreat, bringing the information that the post was already preoccupied by a numerous enemy, and that to advance was certain death. "Prince Potemkin must look out for that," exclaimed the gallant band, and proceeded to destruction, for not a single man escaped.

GENIUS VS. LABOR. 'Of what use is all your studying and your books?' said an honest Farmer to an ingenious artist. 'They don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more good with his plough in one month, than you can do with your books and papers in one year.'

'What plough does your son use?' said the artist quietly.

'Why he uses ——'s plough, to be sure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plough, we save half the labor, and raise three times as much as we did with the old wooden concern.

The artist, quietly again turned over one of his sheets and showed the farmer a drawing of the lauded plough, saying, 'I am the inventor of your favorite plough, and my name is——.'

The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand, and invited him to call at the farm house and make it his home as he liked.

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE CABMAN.—A few evening's ago, Mr. ——, a Magistrate at one of the Police-offices, hired a cab for the purpose of journeying a few miles out of town. "How much is the fare?', said his worship "Vy," said the Cabman, "As I've seed you afore, sir, I shan't charge more than a crown." "That's too much, man," exclaimed Mr. ——, "as you'll not be above an hour going." "Vell, now, and s'pose I does it in an hour, I ought to have vot I ax, and I'm sure yer vorship ought not to grumble, for you fined me five shillings t'other day, and warnt more nor half a minute about it neither."

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1836.

United States Calendar.—Jan. 1, 1837.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.

President	ANDREW JACKSON	of Tennessee.
Vice President	MARTIN VAN BUREN	New-York.
Secretary of State	John Forsyth	Georgia.
Sec'y. of the Treasury	Levi Woodbury	New-Hampshire.
Sec'y. of War (ad.int.)	Benjamin F. Butler	New-York.
Sec'y. of the Navy	Mahlon Dickerson	New-Jersey.
Postmaster General	Amos Kendall	Kentucky.
Attorney General	Benjamin F. Butler	New-York.

SUPREME COURT.

Chief Justice	ROGER B. TANEY	Baltimore, Md.
Associates	Joseph Story	Cambridge, Mass.
	Smith Thompson	New-York, N. Y.
	John M'Lean	Cincinnati, Ohio.
	Henry Baldwin	Pittsburgh, Pa.
	James M. Wayne	Savannah, Ga.
	Philip P. Barbour	Gordonsville, Va.

[A new Administration of the General Government will commence on the 4th of March ensuing—Hon. MARTIN VAN BUREN President, Hon. RICHARD M. JOHNSON (doubtless, though not yet elected) Vice President. Its further constitution we are of course unable yet to announce; but it seems to be generally agreed that Hon. Wm. C. Rives of Virginia will be (or has been) tendered the post of Secretary of State, and that Messrs. Woodbury and Kendall will be invited to retain their present stations.]

GOVERNORS OF THE STATES.		Salary.
Maine	Robert P. Dunlap	$1,600
New-Hampshire	Isaac Hill	1,000
Vermont*	Samuel H. Jenison*	750
Massachusetts*	Edward Everett*	3,666⅔
Rhode Island	John Brown Francis	400
Connecticut	Henry W. Edwards	1,100
New-York	William L. Marcy	4,000
New-Jersey*	Philemon Dickerson	2,000
Pennsylvania	Joseph Ritner*	4,000
Delaware*	Cornelius P. Comegys*	1,333⅓
Maryland*	Thomas W. Veazey*	2,666⅔
Virginia	Wyndham Robertson (Acting)	3,333⅓
North Carolina	Edward B. Dudley*	2,000
South Carolina*	Pierce M. Butler*	5,500
Georgia*	William Schley	3,000
Alabama	Clement C. Clay	2,000
Mississippi	Charles Lynch*	2,500
Louisiana	Edward D. White*	7,500
Tennessee*	Newton Cannon*	2,000
Kentucky*	James Clark*	2,500
Ohio*	Joseph Vance*	1,500
Indiana*	Noah Noble*	1,000
Illinois	Joseph Duncan*	1,000
Missouri	Lilburn W. Boggs	1,500
Arkansas	James S. Conway	
NOT YET ADMITTED.		
Michigan	Stevens T. Mason	
TERRITORIES.		
Florida	Richard K. Call	
Wisconsin	Henry Dodge	

*Opposed to the election of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency: Eleven of the twenty-five States which compose the Union; with fifteen of the twenty-five Governors.

REIGNING MONARCHS OF EUROPE.		Age.	Crowned.
England	William IV.	71	1830
France	Louis Philippe I.	63	1830
Austria	Ferdinand I.	65	1835
Prussia	Ferdinand William III.	66	1797
Russia	Nicholas I.	40	1825
Sweden and Norway	Charles XIV. (Bernadotte.)	72	1818
Denmark	Frederick VI.	68	1808
Holland	William I.	64	1815
Belgium	Leopold I.	46	1831
Bavaria	Louis I.	50	1825
Saxony	Frederick I.	29	1836
Spain	Isabella II. (or Carlos V.)	6	1833
Portugal	Maria II.	17	1826
Wurtemberg	William	55	1816
Sardinia	Charles Albert	38	1831
Two Sicilies	Ferdinand II.	27	1830
States of the Church	Gregory XVI. (Pope)	71	1831
Turkey	Mahmood II.	54	1808
Greece	Otho	21	1833

The Dead of 1836.—Since the opening of the present year, our country has lost the following from her long roll of illustrious citizens: Feb. 6, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Gen. Edward King, for many years an eminent Member of the Legislature of that State, and Speaker; March 6, at the storming of Bexar in Texas, Col. David Crocket, long a noted and eccentric Member of Congress; March 22, at Chester, N. H. John Bell, Member of Congress from and subsequently Governor of that State; March 7, at New-Haven, Conn. William Bristol, U. S. District Judge since 1826; April 21, in Lincoln Co. N. C. Hutchins G. Burton, late Governor of that State, and formerly M. C.; March 19, in this city, Samuel A. Talcott, formerly Attorney General of the State of New-York; Jan. 7, at Philadelphia, Robert Vaux, a distinguished philanthropist of the Society of Friends; Jan. 24, at Philadelphia, Robert Waln, an eminent merchant, formerly M. C.; May 23, at Redhook, N. Y. Edward Livingston, a celebrated Jurist and statesman—successively Member of Congress from this city, District Attorney, Mayor, Representative and Senator from Louisiana, Secretary of State, and Ambassador Plenipotentiary to France. At Philadelphia, May 1, Richard J. Manning, M. C. from South Carolina, and once Governor of that State. April 24, at Philadelphia, William Rawle, a distinguished lawyer and commentator on the Constitution.

At Montpelier, Va. June 28, JAMES MADISON, fourth President of the United States, (from 1809 to 1817.) He distinguished himself in the early stages of our Revolutionary contest in the General Assembly of Virginia, passing thence to the Continental Congress, in which he remained till 1784. He was the last survivor of the framers of our Federal Constitution, and took a leading part in the Convention in favor of its adoption. He was Secretary of State throughout the whole period of Jefferson's Administration. He was remarkable for a placid and philosophic temperament, and in private life was universally esteemed and beloved.

In Philadelphia, July 17, Rev. William White, D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania, and for many years senior and presiding Bishop of that Church in the United States. July 9, at Greenland, N. H. John F. Parrot, U. S. Senator from 1819 to 1825. July 9, at Little Rock, Arkansas, David Dickson, Member of the present Congress from Mississippi; in Georgia, Oct. 1, Gen. John Coffee, Member of the present Congress from that State; Oct. 10, at Elkton, Md. Robert H. Goldsborough, U. S. Senator. Dec. 1, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Geo. L. Kinnard, M. C. from Indiana; his death was caused by injuries received from the bursting of the boiler of a steamboat in which he was travelling toward Washington. On Staten Island, near this city, in Oct. AARON BURR, formerly Vice President of the United States. Dec. 3, in this city, Jacob Morton, Major General of the State Artillery, probably the oldest military officer in the country.

INDIANA.—The Indianapolis 'Democrat' (V. B.) styles Mr. O. H. Smith, the new U.S. Senator, a prominent Whig and supporter of Harrison. Of course, the matter is settled. We gather from the same source that he was finally voted for by the friends of Mr. Van Buren because he was deemed less objectionable than Gov. Noble—but no bargain or understanding with him was attempted. We were misled by the Washington 'Globe,' which boldly claimed him as a supporter of the next Administration. The 'Democrat' intimates that the Van Buren Members of the Legislature considered themselves instructed by the Presidential vote of the State not to oppose the election of a Whig Senator'—especially those of them who represented Whig Counties. (How would this doctrine answer in Ohio!)

Party lines are never strictly drawn in this State. Notwithstanding the large and admitted Whig majority in the Legislature, William J. Brown, Esq. has been elected Secretary of State, over Wm. Sheets, Esq. the incumbent of that station. The 'Democrat' says this result is entirely attributable to the superior qualifications of the new and the general unpopularity of the old functionary.

Lieut. Gov. David Wallace is the Harrison candidate for Governor. The opposite party have as yet none in the field.

The contest for a successor in Congress to Hon. G. L. Kinnard excites some interest. Hon. Wm. W. Wick is the Van Buren and William Herod, Esq. the Harrison candidate.

All the Anti-Van Buren journals of this State, so far as we can learn, respond to the nomination of Gen. Harrison as the opponent of Mr. Van Buren in 1840.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The triumph of the friends of Mr. Van Buren at the special election in Pasquotank has secured them a Senator in Congress for six years ensuing. On Tuesday, 20th inst. Hon. Robert Strange was elected on the first ballot, as follows:

	Senate.	House.	Total.
R. Strange	24	63	87
John Owen	25	56	
Scattering	1	1	—83

One Whig voted for Strange. Mr. Barnet, Senator from Person, being a Whig but opposed to the sentiment of his county, threw a scattering vote. Mr. Simpson of Guilford and the other Van Buren Members from Whig counties, voted with their own party. They doubtless considered the vote of the State for President indicative of the popular will in relation to Senator. The Whigs, however, maintain that the success of their candidate for Governor in August by 4,500 majority, on a heavier poll by 14,000 than at the Presidential Election, conclusively proves that the positive strength of the State is in their favor.

Politics, we believe, are not allowed to control the selection of judicial and purely executive officers in this State.—Owen Holmes (V.B.) has been elected a Judge of the Superior Court: Holmes 85, John L. Bailey (W.) 80, B. F. Moore 1. Frederick Nash do: Nash 106; J. R. J. Daniel 46; scattering 16. (We know not Mr. Nash's politics; but Mr. Daniel is a Van Buren man.) David Outlaw, Solicitor for the First Judicial Circuit: Outlaw 85; Thomas Bragg 81. (Mr. Outlaw is an ardent Whig; while Mr. Bragg is of the dominant party.) Finally, William F. Collins (Whig) has been elected Comptroller, by 14 majority.

Hon. Thomas H. Hall, Senator from Edgecombe opposed the reception of North Carolina's portion of the Surplus Revenue, in opposition to a nearly unanimous vote of both Houses, and entered a written protest against the same upon the journals of the Senate. Though we do not agree with him in opinion, we honor his independence.

OHIO.—Hon. Joseph Vance was inaugurated as Governor of this State on Tuesday the 13th inst. His majority was a trifle over 6,000 votes. His Inaugural Address is modest, sensible and brief, and appears to have elicited much approbation.

The debates in both branches of the Legislature on the question of electing a U. S. Senator have been protracted and uncommonly spicy. We believe the majority will force an election soon. It strikes us that, under all the circumstances, they could not do any thing more impolitic.

One of the eleven Whig Members of Congress elect stands a very fair chance of losing his seat before he obtains it. The Canvassing Committee of the Legislature reports the following result in the XVIIth District:

For Andrew W. Loomis (Whig)	3,266
Andrew Loomis	116
George M'Cook (V.B.)	3,354

Of course, if Mr. Loomis is not allowed the votes in which, by the stupidity of some returning officer, the *W.* in his name was omitted, he loses his seat. We presume, however, that the House itself would not hesitate to set aside the certificate in his favor; the principle that such votes are valid having been established in the case of Silas Wright of this State in 1828–9, and many others.

KENTUCKY.—Hon. Henry Clay was on the 15th re-elected a Senator of the United States for six years ensuing, by the Legislature of Kentucky. The vote stood—

H. Clay	Senate 22	House 54	Total	76
J. Guthrie	" 10	" 44	"	54
Clay's majority				22

Mr. Guthrie is of course a Van Buren man. He is a Louisville gentleman of great and deserved popularity.

ILLINOIS.—The Legislature of this State convened at Vandalia on the 2d inst. Gen. James Semple (V.B.) was re-elected Speaker of the House over two competitors.—Lieut. Gov. Jenkins having accepted the office of Receiver of Public Moneys at Edwardsville, the Chair of the Senate was vacant; and two days of balloting effected no choice—parties being equal in the Senate: Van Buren 20, Whig 20. The vote was uniformly for Davidson (W.) 19, Whiteside (V. B.) 19, scat. 2, being the votes of the candidates.

LOUISIANA—Official.

Parishes.	V. B.	Whig.	Parishes.	V. B.	Whig.
Avoyelles	41	184	Plaquemines	44	9
Ascension	159	50	Point Coupee	51	40
Assumption	84	102	Rapides	120	175
Catahoula	85	66	St. Bernard	25	10
Carroll	63	54	St. Charles	33	1
Concordia	49	91	St. John the Baptist	4	
Claiborne	not received.		St. James	22	45
East Feliciana	296	150	St. Helena	264	60
East Baton Rouge	214	170	St. Tammany	194	60
Iberville	91	60	St. Mary	63	142
Jefferson	26	40	St. Martin	36	109
Lafourche Interior	58	160	St. Landry	165	384
Livingston	100	100	Terrebonne	50	95
Lafayette	158	36	West Baton Rouge	28	80
Natchitoches	not received.		West Feliciana	153	98
Orleans	665	676	Washington	183	37
Ouachita	129	99			
			Total	3,655	3,383

Van Buren's majority.....270.

[The votes of Natchitoches were as follows, viz:—For White 174, Van Buren 98. The votes of Claiborne were, for Van Buren 87, White 26.]

VIRGINIA—Official.

Counties.	V. B.	Whig.	Counties.	V. B.	Whig.
Accomac	30	617	Lunenburg	202	132
Albemarle	676	524	Madison	307	32
Alleghany	153	30	Mathews	131	61
Amelia	180	83	Mason	170	204
Amherst	255	246	Mecklenburg	420	306
Augusta	302	321	Middlesex	96	62
Bath	206	114	Monongalia	681	309
Bedford	482	511	Marshall	297	229
Berkeley	260	380	Monroe	358	223
Botetourt	799	181	Montgomery	389	163
Brooke	413	181	Morgan	100	46
Brunswick	258	177	Nansemond	76	185
Buckingham	468	297	Nelson	219	118
Braxton	42	15	Norfolk county	163	320
Cabell	206	192	Norfolk Borough	98	234
Campbell	477	478	New Kent	57	106
Carotine	317	219	Northampton	6	284
Charles City	31	103	Northumberland	185	77
Charlotte	332	245	Nottoway	174	70
Chesterfield	353	343	Nicholas	53	119
Culpepper	242	251	Ohio	239	536
Cumberland	216	241	Orange	386	217
Clarke	138	102	Page	247	18
Dinwiddie	161	168	Patrick	294	177
Elizabeth City	38	79	Pendleton	382	217
Essex	87	130	Petersburg	125	183
Fairfax	176	230	Pittsylvania	529	641
Fauquier	363	429	Pocahontas	85	26
Fayette	136	120	Powhatan	176	161
Fluvanna	300	56	Preston	300	156
Floyd....(informal)			Prince Edward	273	216
Franklin	530	348	Princess Anne	56	195
Frederick	518	281	Prince George	154	71
Giles	254	159	Prince William	232	96
Gloucester	126	177	Randolph	160	293
Goochland	282	67	Rappahannock	196	171
Grayson	377	50	Rockbridge	379	408
Greenbrier	219	371	Richmond	108	115
Greensville	171	102	Richmond City	138	455
Halifax	732	183	Rockingham	792	129
Hampshire	407	396	Russell	385	9
Hanover	386	268	Scott	316	10
Hardy	137	285	Shenandoah	735	52
Harrison	601	246	Smyth	229	76
Henrico	246	267	Southampton	192	185
Henry	213	238	Spottsylvania	282	207
Isle of Wight	253	49	Stafford	178	148
James City	4	109	Surrey	108	41
Jefferson	269	400	Sussex	213	46
Jackson	152	113	Tazewell	259	2
Kanawha	228	497	Tyler	223	143
King & Queen	275	199	Washington	608	70
King George	52	148	Westmoreland	52	150
King William	185	61	Wood	249	315
Lancaster	76	93	Wythe	369	112
Lee	330	62	Warwick	5	41
Lewis	243	144	Warren	163	56
Logan	157	57	Williamsburg	4	68
Loudoun	254	935	York	3	57
Louisa	458	116	Total	30,261	23,468

Van Buren's majority.....6,893.

[The following votes were excluded on account of their informality:—60 in Pocahontas, 316 in Floyd, 232 in Monongalia; total 608, viz. 564 for Van Buren—44 for the Whig ticket.]

TENNESSEE—Official.

Counties.	V. B.	White.	Counties.	V. B.	White
Anderson	81	221	Lawrence	272	228
Blount	153	564	Lincoln	1479	752
Bedford	1614	1500	Madison	160	1111
Benton	153	95	Meigs	106	163
Bledsoe	15	223	Montgomery	468	745
Carrol	202	802	Morgan	3	85
Cocke	7	309	Maury	1997	1210
Carter	46	495	Marion	170	287
Campbell	147	157	M'Minn	428	224
Claiborne	90	329	Monroe	282	563
Dickson	426	203	M'Nairy	152	374
Davidson	985	1334	Obion	165	164
Dyer	55	146	Overton	557	250
Fayette	879	886	Perry	120	427
Franklin	1199	448	Roane	110	460
Fentress	7	166	Rhea	63	271
Greene	724	695	Robertson	609	662
Gibson	152	702	Rutherford	1000	1179
Grainger	16	601	Sullivan	934	302
Giles	796	906	Sevier	2	253
Humphreys	175	124	Stewart	402	169
Haywood	266	551	Smith	332	1296
Hickman	621	149	Sumner	1160	748
Hamilton	158	215	Shelby	310	488
Hardeman	541	450	Tipton	331	346
Henderson	87	831	Weakley	311	248
Henry	493	645	Wilson	553	1610
Hawkins	481	700	Williamson	402	1491
Hardin	141	252	Wayne	155	272
Jackson	283	770	Warren	1172	394
Jefferson	23	577	Washington	760	429
Johnson	24	169	White	100	750
Knox	86	965	Total	26,120	25,962

White's majority.....9,842.

MISSISSIPPI—Official.

The Secretary of State has issued his Proclamation, declaring the Electoral vote of this State to be as follows:

For Martin Van Buren.....9,979
For Hugh L. White.....9,688
Van Buren's majority.....291

The Special Election.—The following is the official canvass of the votes taken in this city at the Special Election for Member of Assembly on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Mr. Franklin was the Whig, Mr. Purdy the Democratic (Van Buren,) and Mr. Jaques the 'Loco-foco' candidate:

Wards.	Franklin.	Purdy.	Jaques.	Scat.
I.	719	278	4	3
II.	634	224	24	1
III.	770	362	17	2
IV.	743	503	70	
V.	725	630	32	1
VI.	392	601	17	1
VII.	964	787	77	
VIII.	932	811	114	4
IX.	655	1013	58	4
X.	682	863	143	4
XI.	794	953	110	1
XII.	40	181	4	1
XIII.	577	586	29	
XIV.	698	544	57	
XV.	557	261	14	1
XVI.	221	233	44	
Total	10,013	8,850	813	23

Franklin's majority.....1,183.

Congress.—In the SENATE, the debate on the resolution of Mr. Ewing for rescinding the famous Treasury Order requiring that payment for Public Lands be made in specie exclusively, still continues. Mr. Webster's argument against the Constitutional power of the President or Secretary of the Treasury to exact specie payments of one class of citizens, while allowing another to pay in notes, is spoken of as uncommonly cogent. On Thursday of last week, Mr. Rives of Va. submitted the following as a substitute for Mr. Ewing's proposition:

Resolved, That hereafter, all sums of money accruing or becoming payable to the United States, whether for customs, public lands, taxes, debts, or otherwise, shall be collected and paid only in the legal currency of the United States, or in the notes of banks which are payable and paid on demand, in the same legal currency, under the following restrictions and conditions in regard to such notes: that, is from and after the passage of this resolution, the notes of no banks which shall issue bills of a less denomination than $5, (five dollars,) shall be received in payment of the public dues; from and after the first day of July, 1839, the notes of no banks which shall issue bills of a less denomination than $10, (ten dollars,) shall be so receivable; and from and after the 1st day of July 1841, the like prohibition shall be extended to the notes of all banks issuing bills or notes of a less denomination than $20, (twenty dollars;) but the public debtor shall have the option of paying either in the said legal currency, or in the notes of banks of the descriptions above mentioned, in good credit; provided, however, that no notes shall be taken in payment by the collectors or receivers, which, the banks in which they are to be deposited shall not be willing to pass to the credit of the United States as cash.

Nothing else of importance occurred in either House last week. The Senate on Thursday, and the House on Friday adjourned over to Monday.

From an earnest but courteous debate which occurred in the Senate on Wednesday 21st, on the introduction by Mr. Calhoun of a bill dividing the Surplus Revenue next year precisely as this, we infer that there will be no radical reduction of the Tariff this session, at least so far as the great manufacturing interests of the country might be affected thereby. The Speakers were Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Rives—the question being on Mr. Walker's motion to refer the bill to the Committee on Finance, while Mr. Calhoun desired a Select Committee. The votes when taken, stood 22 to 22; and Mr. Van Buren gave the casting vote in favor of Mr. Walker's motion: so the subject goes to the Committee on Finance. Mr. Calhoun's objection to this committee he grounded on the allegation, that it was notoriously hostile to the Distribution of the Surplus. Each of these distinguished Senators avowed his determination to maintain the compromise of 1833 in its true intent and spirit, as a matter of public faith. Mr. Calhoun declared that he had been 'the last to accede to it, and should be the last to violate it.'

On Monday, very little was done in either House, the Members being more pleasantly occupied in Christmas festivities.

On Tuesday, the debate on Mr. Ewing's resolution was continued by Mr. Hubbard of N. H. in opposition, but in favor of Mr. Rives's substitute. Like Mr. Rives, he seems to doubt the expediency while he maintains the legality of the Treasury Order.—In the House, several bills were introduced—one by Mr. Cambreleng making Appropriations—and the Mint Bill was discussed by Mr. Adams and others.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, Mr. Benton moved to print 1,000 extra copies of a statement of unexpended balances in the Treasury, and send five to each Governor and twenty to each Legislature. (The drift of this resolution is to impress the belief on the States that the distributed Surplus Revenue will speedily be called for by the General Government.) The motion was opposed by Messrs. Calhoun, Davis, and Hubbard, and defeated.

In the House, Mr. Lee introduced a resolution of inquiry in favor of a Fire-Proof Post Office in this city. Adapted.

The bill to amend the act establishing the Mint of the U. States was read a third time and passed.

The bill appropriating two millions for the suppression of Indian hostilities was read a third time and passed.

The bill making appropriations for the payment of the revolutionary and other pensions of the United States for 1837 was read a third time and passed.

Mr. Garland of La. introduced a resolution calling upon the Deposite Banks for full statements of their condition and business. Mr. Hardin of Ky. moved an amendment, extending the inquiry to *Agents* of the Deposite Banks, their duties, remuneration, &c. After some skirmishing, the House adjourned.

TEXAS—SPECIAL MESSAGE.

The following Message in writing was received on Wednesday from the President of the United States, by the hands of his private Secretary, Andrew Jackson, Jr. Esq.

To the House of Representatives of the United States.

During the last session information was given to Congress, by the Executive, that measures had been taken to ascertain "the political, military, and civil condition of Texas." I now submit for your consideration, extracts from the report of the agent, who had been appointed to collect it, relative to the condition of that country.

No steps have been taken by the Executive towards the acknowledgement of the independence of Texas; and the whole subject would have been left without further remark, on the information now given to Congress, were it not that the two Houses, at their last session, acting separately, passed resolutions "that the independence of Texas ought to be acknowledged by the United States, whenever satisfactory information should be received that it had in successful operation a civil government capable of performing the duties and fulfilling the obligations of an independent power." This mark of interest in the question of the independence of Texas, and indication of the views of Congress, make it proper that I should, somewhat in detail, present the considerations that have governed the Executive in continuing to occupy the ground previously taken in the contest between Mexico and Texas.

The acknowledgment of a new State as independent, and entitled to a place in the family of nations, is at all times an act of great delicacy and responsibility; but more especially so, when such State has forcibly separated itself from another, of which it had formed an integral part, and which still claims dominion over it. A premature recognition, under these circumstances, if not looked upon as justifiable cause of war, is always liable to be regarded as a proof of an unfriendly spirit to one of the contending parties. All questions relative to the government of foreign nations, whether of the old or new world, have been treated by the United States as questions of fact only, and our predecessors have cautiously abstained from deciding upon them, until the clearest evidence was in their possession, to enable them not only to decide correctly, but to shield their decisions from every unworthy imputation. In all the contests that have arisen out of the revolutions of France, out of the disputes relating to the crown of Portugal and Spain, out of the revolutionary movements in those kingdoms, out of the separation of the American possessions of both the European Governments, and out of the numerous and constantly occurring struggles for dominion in Spanish America, so wisely consistent with our just principles has been the action of our government, that we have under the most critical circumstances, avoided all censure, and encountered no other evil than that produced by a transient estrangement of good will in those against whom we have been, by force of evidence, compelled to decide.

It has thus been made known to the world that the uniform policy and practice of the United States is, to avoid all interference in disputes, which merely relate to the internal government of other nations, and eventually to recognize the authority of the prevailing party, without reference to our particular interests and views, or to the merits of the original controversy. Public opinion here is so firmly established and well understood in favor of this

policy, that no serious disagreement has ever arisen among ourselves in relation to it, although brought under review in a variety of forms, and at periods when the minds of the people were greatly excited by the agitation of topics purely domestic in their character. Nor has any deliberate inquiry ever been instituted in Congress, or in any of our legislative bodies, as to whom belonged the power of originally recognizing a new State; a power, the exercise of which is equivalent, under some circumstances, to a declaration of war; a power nowhere expressly delegated, and only granted in the constitution as it is necessarily involved in some or the great powers given to Congress, in that given to the President and Senate to form treaties with foreign powers, and to appoint ambassadors and other public ministers; and in that conferred upon the President to receive ministers from foreign nations.

In the preamble to the resolution of the House of Representatives, it is distinctly intimated, that the expediency of recognising the independence of Texas should be left to the decision of Congress. In this view, on the ground of expediency, I am disposed to concur, and do not, therefore, consider it necessary to express my opinion as to the strict constitutional right of the Executive, either apart from or in connection with the Senate, over the subject. It is to be presumed that on no future occasion will a dispute arise, as none has heretofore occurred, between the Executive and Legislature in the exercise of the power of recognition. It will always be considered consistent with the spirit of the constitution, and most safe, that it should be exercised when probably leading to war, a previous understanding with that body by whom war can alone be declared, and by whom all the provisions for sustaining its perils, must be furnished. Its submission to Congress which represents in one of its branches the States of this Union, and in the other the people of the United States, where there may be reasonable ground to apprehend so grave a consequence, would certainly afford the fullest satisfaction to our own country, and perfect guaranty to all other nations, of the justice and prudence of the measures which might be adopted.

In making these suggestions, it is not my purpose to relieve myself from the responsibility of expressing my own opinions of the course the interests of our country prescribe, and its honor permits us to follow.

It is scarcely to be imagined that a question of this character could be presented in relation to which it would be more difficult for the United States to avoid exciting the suspicion and jealousy of other powers, and maintain their established character for fair and impartial dealing; but on this, as on every other trying occasion, safety is to be found in a rigid adherence to principle.

In the contest between Spain and her revolted colonies we stood aloof, and waited, not only until the ability of the new States to protect themselves was fully established, but until the danger of their being again subjugated had entirely passed away. Then, and not till then, were they recognized. Such was our course in regard to Mexico herself. The same policy was observed in all the disputes growing out of the separation into distinct Governments of those Spanish American States, who began or carried on the contest with the parent country, united under one form of government. We acknowledged the separate independence of New Granada, of Venezuela, and of Ecuador, only after their independent existence was no longer a matter of dispute, or was acquiesced in by those with whom they had been previously united. It is true that, with regard to Texas, the civil authority of Mexico has been expelled, its invading army defeated, the Chief of the Republic himself captured, and all present power to control the newly organized Government of Texas annihilated within its confines. But, on the other hand, there is, in appearance at least, an immense disparity of physical force on the side of Mexico. The Mexican Republic, under another Executive, is rallying its force under a new leader, and menacing a fresh invasion to recover its lost dominion. Upon the issue of this threatened invasion, the independence of Texas may be considered as suspended; and were there nothing peculiar in the relative situation of the United Sates and Texas, our acknowledgment of its independence at such a crisis could scarcely be regarded as consistent with that prudent reserve with which we have heretofore held ourselves bound to treat all similar questions. But there are circumstances in the relation of the two countries which require us to act, on this occasion, with even more than our wonted caution. Texas was once claimed as a part of our property; and there are those among our citizens who, always reluctant to abandon that claim, cannot but regard with a solicitude the prospect of the re-union of the territory to this country.

A large proportion of its civilized inhabitants are emigrants from the United States, speak the same language with ourselves, cherish the same principles, political and religious, and are bound to many of our citizens by ties of friendship and kindred blood; and more than all, it is known that the people of that country have instituted the same form of Government with our own, and have, since the close of the last session, openly resolved, on the acknowledgment by us of their independence, to seek for admission into the Union as one of the Federal States. This last circumstance is a matter of peculiar delicacy, and forces upon us considerations of the gravest character. The title of Texas to the territory she claims is identified with her independence. She asks us to acknowledge that title to the territory, with an avowed design to treat immediately of its transfer to the United States. It becomes us to beware of a too early movement, as it might subject us, however unjustly, to the imputation of seeking to establish the claim of our neighbors to a territory, with a view to its subsequent acquisition by ourselves. Prudence, therefore, seems to dictate that we should still stand aloof, and maintain our present attitude, if not until Mexico itself, or one of the great foreign powers, shall recognise the independence of the new Government, at least until the lapse of time or the course of events shall have proved, beyond cavil or dispute, the ability of the people of that country to maintain their separate sovereignty, and to uphold the government constituted by them. Neither of the contending parties can justly complain of this course. By pursuing it, we are but carrying out the long established policy of our government—a policy which has secured to us respect and influence abroad, and inspired confidence at home.

Having thus discharged my duty, by presenting, with simplicity and discretion, the views which, after much reflection, I have been led to take of this important subject, I have only to add the expression of my confidence, that if Congress shall differ with me upon it, their judgement will be the result of dispassionate, prudent, and wise deliberation; with the assurance that, during the short time I shall continue connected with the Government, I shall promptly and cordially unite with you in such measures as may be deemed best fitted to increase the prosperity and perpetuate the peace of our favored country.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Frauds on the Indians.—We believe it is already generally understood that the late Creek and present Seminole wars of the South, had their origin in the atrocious robbery and abuse of those unfortunate savages by the white miscreants who prowl about and infest their country. The recent speech of Mr. Peyton of Tennessee, in support of Mr. Wise's resolution, whose residence in the vicinity of the Indian district should enable him to learn the facts, contains the following statement in reference to the subject.

"Let it also be remembered that the Committee on Indian Affairs unanimously recommended an inquiry into the abuses of that bureau, which would have developed the causes of the late and present Indian wars in the South. That committee reported a resolution authorising any two of its members to prosecute the inquiry by taking testimony for the information of the House at this session. * * * * The citizens of Georgia and Alabama petitioned and implored the House to investigate that subject, alleging the most unheard-of frauds and abuses. Upon this application the vote stood: ayes 77, noes 77, a *tie*, and the Speaker gave the casting vote against the investigation. Sir, men high in favor and high in office were suspected. The agent of the government, John B. Hogan, gave the Department official information of the greatest outrages practised upon the Indians which were ever perpetrated upon any people, savage or civilised. He was very soon removed, or rather promoted, from Indian agent to be collector at the port of Mobile. And yet, sir, we have no account of prosecutions, convictions, and punishments, which have followed his disclosures. Why, sir, those speculators, or rather Indian robbers, would find an old chief upon his patrimonial estate, where the chiefs and kings of his race had lived for centuries before him, with his slaves and his farm around him, smoking his pipe amidst his own forest trees, spurning any offer to purchase his home; and they would bribe some vagabond Indian to personate him in a trade to sell his land, forging his name, and the first intimation that he would have of the transaction would be his expulsion by force from his house! This was common, and not only so, but, under the pretext of reclaiming fugitive slaves, the wives and children (of mixed blood) of the Indians were seized and carried off in bondage. The famous Oceola himself had his wife taken from him, and, that too, it has been said, *by a government officer*, and was chained by the same officer to a hog. Sir, what else could be expected but that these scourged, plundered, starving savages would glut their vengeance by the indiscriminate slaughter of the innocent and helpless families of the frontier, whose blood has cried to us in vain? This has caused the Florida war, which has produced such a waste of treasure, the loss of so much national and individual honor, and of so many valuable lives! This has called the gallant volunteers from my own State, and from my own district, who have traversed a thousand miles to fight the battle of strangers—to contend with a savage foe, while drinking those stagnant waters, whose malaria is death, many of whom are left in the wild woods of Florida, where "the foe and the stranger will tread o'er their heads," while their fellow soldiers are far away, happy at home with their friends and families. One—ah! sir, any one of those noble youths who now sleep under a foreign sod, was worth more than the whole army of plunderers who have caused the mischief."

MARYLAND.—The Legislature of this State convened at Annapolis on Monday, but did not fully organize till Tuesday, when Richard Thomas of St. Mary's, was elected President of the Senate, and Benj. L. Everett of Prince George's, Speaker of the House—Whigs of course.

The prospective election of a U. S. Senator from this State, in lieu of Hon. Robert H. Goldsborough, deceased, excites much interest. Gov. Thomas Emory is said to have declined being considered a candidate. John V. L. McMahon, Esq. an eloquent lawyer and active politician, formerly a supporter of Gen. Jackson, will probably be chosen.

MICHIGAN.—A Convention recently assembled at Ann Arbor, in obedience to the requisition of the Democratic Corresponding Committee of Wayne county, and unanimously acceded to the terms of admission into the Union, dictated by Congress. Every county except Monroe, is said to have been represented, and the entire vote (8,000) cast for assenting delegates, is said to exceed that given in the summer against the assent. We fervently hope that Congress may be able to overlook all irregularities, and admit the Michigan Senators and Representatives to all the privileges of members on the floors of the two Houses.

We believe the Michigan electors did not go through the mockery of voting for President and Vice President. If so, they displayed more wisdom as well as modesty, than those who elected them.

FROM EUROPE.

We barely announced in our last the arrival of the packet Sheffield, Capt. Allen, from Liverpool, with advices to the 11th ult. or sixteen days later than the preceding. Since then, the arrival of the Europe, bringing the regular files of papers to the 1st, (with the Magazines of that date) has left us nothing to wish for in the matter of foreign arrivals.

The intelligence is not of primary interest. The attempt of young Louis Bonaparte to excite an insurrection (at Strasburg in France, not Germany, as we hastily stated in our last) appears to have been a foolish affair altogether. It took place on the 30th of October. It is said to have been known to Louis Philippe and his Ministry three months before. Young Bonaparte appears to have tampered with the fidelity of but few of the troops stationed at Strasburg, and to have proclaimed the restoration of the Empire, relying on the unpopularity of Louis Philippe and the universal admiration of Napoleon. He did not make a dozen converts before he was arrested. These will be tried by Court Martial, but the chief will not be tried at all, but sent out of the country, like the Duchess de Berri. It is remarked that another attempt at insurrection was made at Vendome, in the interior, on the same day with that at Strasburg. Young Louis Bonaparte is 28 years of age. Only one member of the Bonaparte family now remains in France—the Countess of Lipano, sister of Napoleon and widow of Murat, who is ill at Paris.

ENGLAND.—There is very little political excitement at present in Great Britain. The pressure in the Money Market continues, though slightly abated. The fixed rate of interest has advanced from 4 to 5 per cent. The Bank of England was recently discovered to be on fire, but was extinguished with little damage. The price of provisions had been very seriously enhanced, and it was generally believed that there was a scarcity of bread-stuffs throughout Great Britain.—The wife of Daniel O'Connell died at Derryman, Ireland, on the 31st of October. His eldest son Maurice, Member for Tralee, is very ill, and not expected to recover.

Mr. Forrest was still playing in London with great success.

SPAIN.—The intelligence from Spain, coming down to the 1st of November from Madrid, and to the 3d from Bilboa, is more unfavorable to the Queen's cause than any we have received for months. The Carlist general Gomez, instead of being defeated and compelled to fly was at the head of an increased force, and continuing his triumphant march through the kingdom, unchecked by any of the Queen's generals. He possessed himself of the town of Almaden, in La Mancha, famous for its mines of

quicksilver, on the 24th of October, although it was stoutly defended by a garrison of nearly 2,000. Some accounts say that Gomez destroyed the works at the mines; and if this is true, it is a heavy blow to the government, which derives a large revenue from their products. The news was received at Madrid on the 30th, and produced great alarm.

A secret session of the Cortes was held, at which the ministers were present, and an exposition of the state of affairs is said to have been made, which not a little astonished and confounded some of the deputies. All the blame is thrown, by the Madrid papers, upon the generals, especially Rodil and Alaix, who are openly accused of treachery, like most of their predecessors. The truth of the matter is, that Gomez is popular, and the Queen's generals are not; the soldiers of the latter desert, and many of them go to swell the ranks of the former; add to these the superior tact and activity of the Carlists, and perhaps the bad state of discipline among the royal troops, and the inefficiency of the Queen's generals is amply accounted for. The force under Gomez had increased to about 14,000; when he set out from Navarre, it was 4,000.

The Carlists were vigorously besieging Bilboa, and the Queen's general Espartero had not been able, either to raise the siege, or effect an entrance into the place. The efforts of the besiegers were relaxed, however on the approach of Espartero.

The question of the regency was under discussion by the Cortes, but had not been decided at the latest date. It was thought not improbable that a dictator would be appointed, if an efficient and trustworthy person could be found for the occasion.

By orders from Madrid, all the plate and jewels in the churches and chapels in that part of the kingdom, threatened by Gomez, have been seized and sent to the capitol for safety.

After his capture of Almaden, Gomez marched in the direction of Truxillo, in Estramadura, on the high road from Madrid to Lisbon.

PORTUGAL.—Don Miguel has disappeared from the territory of the Duke of Modena, where, it is said, he had been collecting troops to make a descent on Algarve. The Portuguese government have ordered him to be shot instanter should he land. The Duke of Modena promises his lovely daughter the Princess d'Este, in case the ex-tyrant succeeds. The Pope and his brethren of the Holy Alliance, are said to furnish secretly abundance of funds.

There were on Oct. 24, four British line of battle ships, one frigate and a corvette and brig of war at Lisbon, and three more line of battle ships were expected.

The Portuguese government does not appear to be popular—and are suspicious of the fact, as they are generally dissolving the municipal councils.

ONE DAY LATER FROM FRANCE.—We have a Paris Journal up to the 9th of November. Commercial and ship news are under their proper heads. We see nothing of political interest. The *Journal du Commerce*, best versed of all the Parisian Journals in American affairs, is discussing the credit system of the United States. The Strasburg *echauffource* (the new term applied to unsuccessful plots and conspiracies) is the univeral topic of conversation. From Berne. (Nov. 6,) we learn that the conciliatory project has been adopted by the Swiss Diet. It is now certain that Almadez *has* fallen into the possession of Gomez. Puento has shared the same fate, and it is said that only one human creature was found in the place, and that was a dead body. Count Albani, brother of the Cardinal, has been arrested in Portugal, and documents of great importance were found in his possession. It appears he had been sent by Don Miguel to excite a counter revolution in that country. [Express.

NINE DAYS LATER.

The packet ship Columbus, Capt. Depeyster, from Liverpool, was boarded by the news-boats of the dailies on Thursday, in such season that the news brought by her appears in the papers of this (Friday) morning. She sailed on the 20th, and her Continental advices are eleven days later.

ENGLAND.—The pressure in the Money Market grows more and more alarming. The Agricultural Bank of Dublin had failed, als Foster & Co.'s Bank at Carlisle—each very extensively connected with the business of the country.—Each appears to have ruined itself by imprudent exertions to relieve the necessities of its customers. Short crops are universally complained of. The amount of specie in the Bank of England has been alarmingly reduced, and now scarcely exceeds one-third the amount of its deposits, to say nothing of its circulation. A rumor has prevailed that it was about to suspend specie payments under an order of the Chancellor, but it was promptly and officially contradicted.

A great Balloon Ascension was recently made from Vauxhall Garden, London. The voyagers (three in number) remained in the air seventeen hours, and descended at Weilburg in Germany, 400 miles from London. They proceed thence to Paris for further experiments.

FRANCE.—Charles X. the exiled King, died at Goritz in Illyria, Nov. 12th, aged 78. M. Eugene Malibran, the first husband of Madame Malibran, formerly of this city, died at Paris on the same day, aged 54.

There is much speculation in the Paris journals with regard to the matrimonial prospects of the King's two eldest sons, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours. The Austrian princesses whom Rumor gave as the objects of their recent German tour, are about to espouse the King of Naples and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. A report gained currency that the Duke of Orleans had proposed for the daughter of the Duchess de Berri! but that was at once contradicted with more circumstance than so absurd a story would seem entitled to.

M. Thiers is said to have given in his adhesion to the present Cabinet, and that they will be supported by him in the Chambers during the ensuing session.

Another rumor has marked out for Marshal Soult the office of High Constable of France, to ensure his support to the Ministry of September, and to atone to him for refusing him the Presidency of the Council.

Marshal Clausel arrived at Bona on the 31st October.—One of the Paris journals gives a correspondence from Toulon of the 9th, wherein it is asserted that the amount of troops destined to form the Constantine expedition has been reduce from 12,000 to 8,000 men.

The *Journal des Debats* has the following, which also appears, in fewer words, in the *Moniteur*:

"On the 10th, the Government caused Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to be taken from the prison of Strasburg, and conducted to L'Orient, where a ship is in waiting to transport him to America. The Prince traversed Paris on the night of Thursday."

Queen Hortense, the mother of young Louis Bonaparte, has gone to Switzerland to settle her affairs; after which it is said she will join her son in America. The *Journal du Commerce* says that Prince Louis Napoleon has been required to give his word of honor that he will not leave the United States within the next ten years; and that he at first refused, but yielded on being told that the fate of his accomplices depended upon his compliance.

PORTUGAL.—There has been a revolutionary movement at Lisbon, which excites great interest. It was an attempt by the young Queen and the Court, to annul the recent establishment of the liberal constitution of 1820.—It was put down by the National Guards and the people, reinforced ultimately by the Royal Guards, so that the Queen was left without a defender, and was forced to implore the protection of the British fleet in the habor, from which 380 marines were landed for the defence of the Palace. Afterward, they were reembarked again, the popular party refusing to treat for a reconciliation in the face of foreign bayonets. The Queen, after several ineffectual efforts to obtain more gracious terms, was finally obliged to yield the whole ground in dispute, reestablish the constitution, proclaim a general amnesty, and appoint Viscount Bandeira Prime Minister. M. Freire, formerly Minister of the Interior, was murdered by the populace during the commotion. Several distinguished personages have been forced to leave the country. Thus, by one act of tyrannical folly, the Young Queen has destroyed for ever her own popularity, and probably that of her husband, and virtually degraded herself from the rank of a sovereign to that of a State prisoner.

BAYONNE, Nov. 10.

On the 4th instant, Don F. Garcia advanced upon Lodosa, with four battalions of Navarre, and two squadrons of cavalry, to destroy the fort of that town. He ordered the garrison to surrender on pain of being attacked by him, and with the more success, as he had positive information that Gen. Irabarren had advanced with his cavalry on the valley of Mena, in Biscay, to join the headquarters of Espartero. The Captain-General *ad interim*, of Pampeluna, having been informed of this movement, ordered 3,000 infantry and 100 cavalry, commanded by General Lebeau and Don Leon Iriarte, to march from Pampeluna for Lodosa. On arriving at a short distance beyond the bridge of Obano, this column was divided into three corps, which advanced by different roads on the fortified hermitage of Santa Barbara, situated on the the heights, by which Manoru is crowned, and which were defended by four battalions of the Carlists, who commenced their fire on the approach of the Christinos. The efforts of the two enemies were nearly balanced, but Gen. Garcia having received a reinforcement of two battalions, the Christinos were obliged to retreat upon Puente la Reyna. Nothing is known as to the losses sustained by them.

On the 27th, a quantity of plate, from the churches of Navarre, arrived at St. Jean Pied de Port, escorted by some companies of Chapelgorris. This and some other plate, which may arrive in France, will be sold there, and the produce sent to the kingdom whence it may have been sent.

According to the journals, the seige of Bilboa has been raised more than once, but the contrary is the fact, as the Carlists still surrounded the place, and are more than ever disposed to carry it. On the 7th instant, a quantity of projectiles were sent to them, and that circumstance compelled the Governor to write to General Espartero, that unless he came to the relief of the place it would be unable to hold out. The bearer of the letter was arrested by the Carlists, and though it produced no effect—as Espartero had been ordered, in the apprehension of a catastrophe, not to measure his strength with Villareal—the Carlists were, nevertheless, satisfied to learn that if the place could still hold out for a few days, it must, in the end, infallibly fall into their power. To expedite the moment of the surrender, they have just opened some covered ways round the town, and under its walls, and have commenced battering the only gate which can resist them; so that, in a few days, the town will fall into the power of Don Carlos.

A despatch was received at Madrid on the 28th of October, from general Alvarez, announcing that he had overtaken and routed the Carlist general Sanz, in the Asturias, on the 24th.

RUSSIA EXTENDING HERSELF FARTHER INTO ASIA.—Galgni's Messenger contains the following notice of Russian projects of Eastern aggrandisement:

ODESSA, Oct. 2.

The Generals Woronzow and Witt have been called to St. Petersburg. It is believed that the Emperor Nicholas is assembling around him the most distinguished men of his empire preparatory to a powerful expedition against the East. The equipment of the fleet at Nikclaief and Cherson is going on with great activity; and three steam-vessels of sixty-four horse power are continually employed in conveying ammunition and provisions to Tchoupont-Urata and Anapa, where new magazines are being formed. We learn from Tiflis that the Teherkeses after a repose of two months, have made their appearance as aggressors before Derbent, on the line of the Terek, and even on the banks of the Cuban; but they have uniformly been driven back by the Russian posts. By order of the Minister of War, a corps of ten thousand Cossacks and light infantry is being formed, and will be put under the command of Hetman of the Don, General Serguicief, who is destined to bring to subjection the independent tribes of Tcherchense. It is positively stated that the Crown Prince will lead this expedition in person. The troops in Georgia and Erivan have received a reinforcement of thirty thousand men; engineers are fortifying the citadel of Sadar Abad, situated between the two chains of the mountains of Armenia, on the banks of the Araxes.

FROM FLORIDA.

From the Jacksonville Courier, Dec. 15.

The army under command of Gen. Jesup left Volusia on Monday the 12th inst. with ten days' provisions. The march is upon the Wahoo swamp, where it is supposed the hostile Indians, or a part, at least, of them, are determined to make a last and desperate stand. If the information obtained from the Indian prisoner, taken by Gen. Jesup, can be relied on, the Wahoo swamp is Oseola's fortress—his last strong hold—which he, with his men, one hundred eighty in number, are determined to defend or die in the attempt

His fortress is impenetrable, says the Indian prisoner, except in two places—one of which will require rafts, the other can be forded—and both of them are very difficult and dangerous passes. These Oseola intend to defend and he has erected fortifications for their defence. Gen. Jesup proceeds to these two points, where there will probably be hard fighting before the passes are forced. But how long can such a man hold out against an army of two thousand? Let their advantage of position be ever so great—the passes ever so difficult—the rude fortifications such an enemy can erect must be swept away and they, either slain, or forced to seek refuge in the everglades.

The amount of information derived from the Indian prisoner, seems to be this, as near as we can learn—that Oseola and 180 of his warriors are alone in the Wahoo Swamp—that Philip, Jumper and Micanopy and their men, were there at the battle of the 21st ult, but have retired south. That Oseola has two kegs of powder, Philip, has one, Micanopy one and a half, and Jumper but half a keg. That it was Jumper's warriors who hung so long upon our settlements in this vicinity—and that his men are nearly all killed. Twenty-five were killed in the battle of San Felasco. In the battle of Wahoo Swamp, he says there were 50 killed and sick, (sick, meaning wounded)—that Jumper sent to Philip, at this town, for powder and more men, but got neither.

Now, all this may be so, but as it is derived from a captive enemy, it is at least liable to suspicion.

Capt. Ross of the Marine Corps, has died of his wounds received in the battle of the 21st November. Capt. Maitland is rapidly recovering.

NEW-YORK.

New-Year's Day.—We have no reason to believe that any attempt will be made on Monday to palm upon our city patrons one of those annual medleys of doggerel, vulgarity and impertinence entitled a 'Carrier's New-Year's Address.' Should there be any such, they will bear in mind that we have taken our stand against the custom, as burdensome and intrusive to the subscriber and degrading to the character of the press. Beyond this, they will each act his individual pleasure in the premises.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Twilight" (J. H, D.) is accepted. "The Song of the Firemen" do.
"My Sister" will appear.
"The Coming of Winter" does not please. It has no striking faults, but lacks originality and force.
"Farewell" (Terence) is framed according to some rules of versification that we have not yet discovered. It must await our enlightenment.
"The Shade of Theodosius" (W. H. C. H.) is gratefully welcomed to our columns.

"The New-York Book."—We have not time to notice this volume as it deserves (since it only reached us as we were hurrying to press) and we may as well simply state the circumstance as spoil paper in demonstrating it. The reader will therefore please turn to the advertisement of the publisher for a full developement of its character and claims to his attention. We shall only say here that it is admirably got up and beautifully printed, and that those who would prefer a New Year's Gift which has not been tumbled over by every bookstore lounger for the last three months will of course choose The New-York Book. (G. Dearborn, 36 Gold-st.)

The Pilgrim's Progress.—The most tasteful and creditable book of the season, is a superb edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress, with a life of John Bunyan, by Robert Southey, LL. D. Poet Laureate, &c., illustrated with fifty cuts, by Adams, after designs by Chapman, Harvey and others." As an evidence of the perfection which has been attained in the art of printing in this country, the book is entitled to the favorable regard of the friends of Literature.

As to the work itself, we do not regard it precisely in the same light with our cotemporaries. That it is one of great originality and power has been settled by the unanimous voice of half a dozen generations, and so far we have no disposition to cavil. We doubt, however, its salutary effect on the ingenuous and enquiring mind of the youthful reader. We remember the vivid impression left on our own, by an early and earnest perusal, and this was the drift of our reflections: How very hard—nay, almost impossible—it must be for any one to keep the strait and narrow path—to live the life of a true Christian! We are convinced that discouragement, in view of the difficulties, the vicissitudes, the perils, which beset the path of the pilgrim journeying to a better country, is among the more prominent effects of a perusal of this book, even on mature and well balanced minds. We make these remarks with the more freedom, in view of the fact that we last week copied Coleridge's enthusiastic eulogium, pronouncing the Pilgrim's Progress the most attractive exhibition of Calvinistic Theology ever given to the public. We dissent entirely from that opinion, in so far as it implies that the doctrines referred to are rendered at all attractive in this work.

The Life of Bunyan by Southey, has passed the ordeal of criticism, and become established as a biography of uncommon merit. We have not read it; but we should deem the Laureate's High Church bigotry little calculated to qualify him for the task he has here undertaken, of writing the life of one who was persecuted for the violence of his hostility to the Church of England, and who wrote his great work within the walls of a prison, into which the tender mercies of that Church had thrust him. But Dr. Southey's admiration of Bunyan's piety has doubtless triumphed over his hatred of his non-conformity. (Harpers.)

"The Chinese."—Nos. LXXX. LXXXI, of Harpers' Family Library embrace "The Chinese; a general description of the Empire of China and its Inhabitants; by John Francis Davis, F. R. S." A hurried examination of this work impresses us with the belief that it is a judicious and valuable, though by no means extraordinary compilation." It is very slightly devoted to the misty and fabulous legends of Chinese antiquity, but mainly to a delineation of modern China, her resources, polity, civilization, and capacities for improvement. The design has been carried out with industry and fidelity, and as a statistical rather than historical work, this deserves warm commendation.

Acting Plays.—Turner and Fisher, dramatic publishers, 90 Division st. have printed "*Ion*," by Sergeant Talfourd; "*Lucille*," by Bertrand, and "*Uncle John*," by Buckstone, as part of their dramatic library. "Lucille" is taken from one of Bulwer's best stories (The Maid of Malines;) 'Uncle John' is a rather middling farce—so we commend these only to those who are connected with the stage or ambitious of such distinction; but 'Ion' is a sterling tragedy, which should have been republished here in another form months ago. It is regarded by the British critics as the most successful dramatic effort of the last ten years. We know right well how the poetry of the drama is marred for the closet by stage directions; but, since no library edition of this noble tragedy is attainable, we advise the general reader to overlook the defect, and purchase a copy at once. 'Ion' will richly repay a perusal.

The London and Westminster Review, for October, is just issued by Mr. Foster. It strikes us as an able and interesting number. Contents—I. On the definition of Political Economy; and on the method of Philosophical Investigation in that Science. II. Shakspeare. III. Medical Reform. IV. Hottentots and Caffres. V. The Timber Monopoly. VI. Law Reform for Scotland. VII. Excursions in Switzerland. VIII. The Factories. IX. The War in Spain. X. Endowment and the Voluntary Principle: Separation of Church and State.

A LETTER TO SALEM TOWN.

New-Haven, Dec. 16, 1836.

Mr. Town, Sir—I received your letter of April 20, a long time after the date, and with it a copy of your Analysis. Soon after receiving the letter, I went a long journey, and forgot the tenor of it, or the subject altogether, for which neglect I owe you an apology.

The weakness of my eyes must excuse me from examining your book in detail. But I have given some attention to the manner in which the work is executed, as well as to the derivations. This part of the subject is very familiar to me, and the more so, as I had, just before receiving your work, published the *Teacher*, which embraces the explanations of the prefixes and affixes of words in our language, and also lists of words derived from the Latin and Greek. I did this without any knowledge of you or your work. I think your plan in general a good one, and the execution, as far as I have examined it, is generally correct. It is a valuable book.

In your explanations, however, of the terminations, there are some mistakes and inaccuracies, which I shall take the liberty to mention.

1. The termination *y* in adjectives is not connected with the German *ei*. It is the Saxon and German *ig*, as in *haig*, holy.

2. You derive the termination *ly* from the German *lich*. But I would always resort to the Anglo Saxon, the immediate parent of the English. This is an important a branch of the Teutonic or Gothic as the German, and the terminations of English words are more nearly allied to the Saxon, than to the German, Dutch, Swedish or Danish. The Saxon is *lic*.

3. *Tive* you derive from the Latin *tivus*, which is correct; but the letter *t* is not a part of the termination, which is *ivus*, *ive*, French *if*. This may be ascertained by the fact, that it is often written *ivus* instead of *tivus*, taking the consonant of the Latin word from which it is derived; as in *activus*, *corrosivus*. The *t* and *s* belong to the participles of the verbs.

4. *En* you suppose to be the Saxon *an*, through the German *en*. No more sir, than the German *en* is through the Saxon *an*. Under this word you have *sternad*, which I do not understand.

5. *Dom* you say is from the Gorman *thum*. This I do not understand. *Dom* is a Saxon termination or suffix, written as in English; as in *Kyncdom*, *Kyningdom*, Kingdom.

6. *Ing* you say is taken from the German *ung*. But this German word is the termination of nouns. *Ing* is the English termination of participles of the present tense—a varied orthography of the Saxon participial termination, *and* or *end*, which is also German, coinciding also with the Latin *ans*, *ens*.

7. *Ish* is the Saxon *isc*, German *isch*, Danish *isk*.

8. *Some* you suppose to be from the German *sam*. No, sir, it is the Saxon *sum*, the same word differently written.

9. *Full* you think derived from the German *voll*. No, sir, it is the Saxon *full*.

10. *Less* you derive from the German *los*; and is the Saxon *laes* of the same origin.

11. *Ness* you say is the German *niss*. But it is the Saxon *nesse*, or *nyssc*.

12. *Able*, *ible*. For the origin of these terminations, you cite the opinion of Horne Tooke, who supposes them to be from the Gothic *abal*, strength. This is a great mistake. I believe such a termination is not found in any word in the languages of Teutonic or Gothic origin, except in the English, and it comes to us through the Norman from the Latin *habiles*.

I have attempted to give a correct account of the origin of our prefixes and affixes in the *Teacher*; a little book I would send to you, if I had an opportunity.

One motive which induced me to answer your letter through the public papers was to take notice of some other books which have recently appeared, with explanations of the prefixes and affixes, and with derivations of English words from the Latin and Greek. I wish to bring them all together in one brief view.

Horne Tooke, fifty years ago, presented to the world some very useful illustrations of Etymology. But as his researches were limited, he wandered from his orbit into the field of conjecture. His errors are very numerous. Lindley Murray, who had no knowledge of the Saxon, has given a list of words from Tooke, nearly half of which are erroneously deduced. These are adopted in Kirkham's Grammar, which is much used in the State of New-York, but which abounds with mistakes.

Recently an English book compiled by one Butler, has been published in this country. This treats of the same subjects as your Analysis; but some of his derivations are entirely wrong.

Last of all comes Richardson's Dictionary, with the old defective vocabulary of Johnson, and his obsolete orthography. This author, knowing little of etymology, relies on Horne Tooke, and the "elders of lexicography," whose works have been long neglected. His Dictionary abounds with errors in etymology. Take the following examples:

Arcana is from the Greek *arsen*, a male, because of its *masculine* force in destroying men. He might as well have deduced *grenadier* from *granny* and *dear*, and interpret the word to signify *dear granny*.

Abet the author derives from *beat*, to *beat* and become *better*. He might as well have deduced it from *bid* or *bode*.

Able the author derives from the Gothic *abal*, as Horne Tooke does, though the radical letters of *abal*, are *b* and *l*, when *able* is from the Latin *habilis*, whose radicals are *h* and *b*.

Acoutar Richardson deduces from the Saxon *cuth*, and that from *cunnan*, to know. Now what connection can *knowing* have with *equipping*?

Adorn he deduces from *orno*, and that from *ora*, time, season, a word of different radical letters.

Aggrandize he deduces from *granum*, a grain. He might as well have derived it from *groan*.

Allot he derives from the Saxon *hlidan*, to cover. He might as well have deduced it from *land* or *land*.

Attain this author from Johnson derives from *attingo*, with which it has no connection. It is from *attingo*.

Bun he derives from *bag*, he might as well say from *bag*.

Bile he deduces from the Greek *chole*. He might as well derive *moon* from *cheese*.

Cajole he deduces from *cage*. He might as well deduce *broomstick* from *wheelborrow*.

Many similar mistakes occur in this Dictionary.

I should have mentioned above Picket's Spelling book, published in Cincinnati, in which an attempt is made to explain the prefixes and affixes. In this is a great number of mistakes.

Men make books by selecting from other books, without understanding the subject thoroughly, and not knowing whether the books are correct or incorrect. And our citizens are prone to rely especially on English books. Now it is certain that English lexicography is more than half a century behind the state of the language; and their books for elementary instruction are far behind those which are compiled in this country. They have not yet advanced beyond *a-nimal*, *ha-bit*, *te-nor*, *mo-ti-on*, *na-ti-on*, *con-ta-ri-on*. Their etymology is in a still worse condition.

Accept the respects of *sir*, your obedient serv't.

N. WEBSTER.

Messrs. H. Greeley & Co New-York, December 7, 1836.

Gentlemen:—In an article headed 'Cornering' in your paper of last week, you introduce the subject of Anthracite Coal, which is totally contrary to facts; and believing you would not knowingly state anything in your paper to injure any class of citizens that was false except through ignorance, I have taken the liberty to correct you in some of your statements. You state that it is well known that the entire cost up to its delivery to the doors of the consumer does not exceed $8, and more probably does not reach $7. This statement with your ordinary diligence to come at truth, you would have found was not the fact, for there are but few men but know the price of coal at wholesale at Philadelphia, the price of freights, insurance, &c. A few figures would have told you plainly that at no time this season could the purchasers of thousands of tons put it at your door but it would have cost him at least $9 32:

At Philadelphia	$5 50
Freight	1 75
Insurance	7
Carting in yard	25
Piling	12½
Breaking	37½
Cartage from yard to consumer	50
Yard rent	37½
Clerk hire, collecting and incidental expenses not less and probably much more than	25
Weighing	12½
	$9 32

Cost at the door of the consumer $9 32, without counting anything for bad debts, interest of some 20 to 50 thousand dollars capital. This calculation is put as low as it can possibly be done for, and if you will take the pains to make the enquiry you will find it to be under if any thing. There is a difference in weight of 10 per cent., there should be 12, but will not hold out from Philadelphia more than 10. One hundred tons of 2240 lbs. to the ton will not turn out more than 100 ton of 2000 lbs. broken, screened and nut, and the fine scarcely pays for carting away. These are facts which you can very easily ascertain to be true, and which will be corroborated by every dealer in coal in New-York, and it is to be hoped there are some amongst us honest enough to tell the truth. I will now state a few facts in regard to the history of the coal business this season, and leave you to draw your own conclusions whether you have done us injustice or not. The first price established was $9 50 broken and delivered, and $8 delivered from the vessels as it comes from the vessel containing some portion of fine coal. Very shortly after this price became general throughout the city, the price advanced in Philadelphia from $5 50 to $6 00. The dealers finding that they must lose money, prices advanced to $10 here and continued taking all the orders that offered to be delivered any time previous to December. The coal again advanced in Philadelphia to $7, then to $8, then to $9. The freight advanced from $1 75 to $2 62. Coal gradually rose here to $13, being an advance of $3 50 here when the advance cost was $4 37, it being the natural consequence, for the dealers were continuing buying excepting those that had made contracts for their full supply, which I doubt whether any one had. We have ourselves paid $9, and $2 62½ freight. You state that coal has advanced to $14. We should be pleased to supply you and all your friends up to January 1, 1837, at $13; we have not asked any higher. You say we make exorbitant profits; if so, and it is more profitable than other business, why not more persons enter into it? We have no chartered privileges—no exclusive rights—it is open to all. The reasons why more are not into it, is this, that take the last five years together, the coal business has paid less per centage for the capital invested than any mercantile business in New York, and I would just remark in conclusion, that the real cause of the high prices is the scarcity—the cause of the scarcity is the want of miners. We have not enough in the country to mine enough for consumption, although there have been last winter a special messenger sent to Europe to procure them. We will never have coal cheap until we get a surplus. This is the only means of procuring it; and one means to accomplish this would be to take the duties

off. This would create competition from abroad and help the coal business in New-York, notwithstanding the impression is abroad that the dealers are opposed to it. I for one should be glad to see it taken off. Yours, &c.

SYLVANUS S. WARD.

Remarks by the Editor.—We have here allowed our respected patron to tell his own story and that of his craft without curtailing a word: he cannot take offence if we now cross-examine his logic; and in doing so, we propose to use great plainness of speech. In the first place, then, we consider his premises designedly deceptive. He represents the dealers as buying their coal in Philadelphia! Shrewd traders they, to purchase at second hand and pay profit and charges at an intermediate point, when the mines themselves are within from one to two hundred miles of New-York! No, no; this will not answer. As little as our friend allows us to know about the business, we do know that most if not all the dealers buy directly from the mines, and that many of them are agents of mining or transportation companies. We know further, that during a great portion of the summer, coal lay in abundance on the wharves at Pottsville, ready for any purchaser at $2, and, at the farthest, $2 25 per ton. At the very close of the season, it rose to $3—an advance of 75 cents to $1; but, really, we cannot err in assuming that our New-York dealers did not wait till November before contracting for their winter supply. So of transportation, too: does any one believe that these dealers, most of whom have been long in the business, and many of them connected with transportation companies, have actually paid the exorbitant rates at last demanded for bringing coal from Pottsville to this city!

Our correspondent's bill of particulars needs not one word of comment. After the same fashion, it would not be difficult to show that the raising of a bushel of corn costs five dollars. He counts nothing for bad debts, not he! when it is notorious that a customer must be of very well known solvency who gets a ton of coal without paying in advance for it. As to the difference of weight, if any one is inclined to believe that a Pennsylvania ton of 2,240 lbs. will not net more than a New-York ton of 2,000 lbs. we shall not quarrel with him.

And so, then, our correspondent has demonstrated that a ton of coal, when delivered to a customer, has cost the New-York dealer, in ordinary times, $9,32, and this fall a great deal more. Now we oppose to this statement the naked facts that we have known coal delivered in this city for $7 a ton, and that it has been so delivered the past season for $8. We are fully assured that it was sold even in Troy in October for $8.

But we did not object to $10, but to $13, (and our corrector says he has not yet raised to $14, and will not, if we understand him, till day after to-morrow.) This large advance falls mainly on the poor, who were not able to give their orders and make a deposit with the dealer last autumn. Our friend has doubtless convinced himself, but he has not convinced us, that this advance is not exorbitant.

But why does not every one turn coal-dealer, if the business be so profitable! A pretty time of year, truly, to ask that question. We can assure the querist that, had it been publicly known last August that coal would be $13. $14, and perhaps higher, this winter, he would have had more competition in business than he would relish. It is too late now; but if fifty more enter upon it next Spring, they will be but men like himself; and if they find it perfectly easy to make some thousands each by entering into a combination with the old dealers to raise the price of coal to $13. $14, and $15, after the canals are closed, we fear the temptation will be too strong for their virtue. No: competition is not of sovereign efficacy in the regulation of this matter; and if legislation can do nothing, public opinion, we trust, may be brought to bear upon it. At least our exertions to that end shall not be wanting.

Hon. George Poindexter is not dead, as was reported.—His recovery was hoped for at our last Natchez dates.

Fire at Baltimore.—A fire broke out in Baltimore at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning last, in the Comb and variety store of P. Albinson, Market st. which was destroyed, together with the warehouses of Orem & Morling, tailors, and John E. Rigden, hardware merchant.

Loss about $50,000—insurance $13,000.

LATEST FROM SMYRNA.

The brig Hamilton, Capt. Paine, arrived at this port yesterday from Smyrna, whence she sailed on the 15th Oct. We are indebted to a mercantile friend for a file of the Journal de Smyrne, to the day of sailing.

The paper of the 15th says:—"Col Campbell, English Consul in Egypt, has, after long negociations, come to an understanding with Mehemet Ali, whereby the Russians who trade with Egypt and Syria, are deprived of the privilege of exporting the produce of these two countries by paying only the modified duties stipulated in the tariff agreed upon between Russia and the Sublime Porte, but that hereafter they will be required to pay the same duties as the merchants of other nations. The intelligence has been recently forwarded by Col. Campbell to Lord Ponsonby, who hastened to communicate it by a circular to the English merchants at Constantinople.

SMYRNA, Oct. 15.—Several persons have recently become the dupes to the knavery of a certain money broker who by means of forged signatures has succeeded in sponging them out of about 300,000 piastres.

A literary and scientific society has just been formed at Cairo under the title of the Egyptian Society, whose principal object is to collect in an immense library all the works, ancient and modern, relating to Egypt, and to allow travellers, who, being introduced by a member, have the privilege of visiting the establishment gratis, all the information they may desire relative to their travels through the country profitably and economically.

Counterfeit Spanish pillared dollars have just appeared in Greece. They are said to be very good imitations.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 10.—A destructive fire broke out on Saturday last, at mid-day, in the neighborhood of Cassim Pacha, which destroyed forty houses before it was subdued.

The plague still rages to a terrible extent, although there are reports that there is some diminution in the number of cases, but this undoubtedly arises from the circumstance that the official report from the Greek Hospital mentions the admission of but 56 patients into that establishment during the past week, while, according to the notes addressed to the Seraskier Pacha, it is asserted that there have been during the last eight days from 1,500 to 1,600 persons attacked in Constantinople and the environs. The disease, it is said is prevailing among the troops, and consequently they are to be removed and encamped in the open field in order to protect them as much as possible from contagion. It is remarked that the disease has within a few days assumed a more malignant form, and has been much more fatal. This melancholy state of things is attributed in a great degree to the drought which still continues, and consequently all the water which is drank is brackish and unhealthy.

The news had just reached Constantinople from Reschid Pacha of the entire suppression by him of the rebellion in Kurdistan. He had succeeded in taking by force the fortress of the famous Revandoux Bey, the chief of the insurgents, and making him prisoner. The campaign had been distinguished by a succession of victories. The Sultan had been gratified by the news, and had conferred on Reschid Pacha the grand decoration of the empire, and had sent him a sword of honor of great value.

The Smyrna Journal publishes the expression of lively gratitude of an officer of the American Marine towards Dr. Morpurgo, for the effective and disinterested attention received from him during an illness of nine months, occasioned by a gun shot in the leg, and especially for his having opposed an amputation, which had been judged necessary by another physician.

The papers contain further particulars of the scandalous proceedings of the inhabitants of Naxos against the French Missionaries. The French Minister at Athens, Mr. Lagrene, had gone to the island to make inquiries into the subject. [Boston Patriot.

A man killed by his wife.—We are informed that a man by the name of Terry C. Burns, a resident of Greece, in this country, died on Sunday morning last, about 8 o'clock, A. M., from a blow received by the hand of his wife on Saturday afternoon, under the following circumstances:—Burns was engaged in mending shoes, when his wife asked him to go and get some wood, but he refused to do so, receiving a blow in the face from her hand, which he returned, or attempted to do, when his enraged wife seized a stool and struck him therewith, and felled him to the floor. The stool used, had one of its legs projecting through the seat, which projection came in contact with his temple. Finding him severely wounded, the neighbors were called in, who assisted to place him in bed, and dressed his wounds. He spoke a few words while undergoing this operation, but not afterwards. He died as stated, Sunday morning, and was buried on Monday. The Coroner, as we are informed, was twice sent for, but did not attend, consequently no inquest was held. Why was a death under circumstances so aggravated, passed over unnoticed by a public officer, whose duty it is to examine into matters of this kind? Burns was about 54 years of age, and has had three wives.

[Rochester Daily Advertiser.

RICHMOND, Va. Dec. 22, 1838.

Extensive Robbery.—A daring and most extensive robbery was committed this morning, by cutting the trunks from the Lynchburg mail stage, about two miles from this city. One of the trunks contained $50,000 in notes belonging to the Farmers' Bank of Virginia, and also $70,000 in notes belonging to the Bank of Virginia,—making $120,000. All the trunks have been recovered unopened, except the one that contained the money, which has led to the supposition that the robbers not only knew that the notes were to be remitted this morning by the Banks to their respective offices in Lynchburg, but that they also knew which trunk contained the remittances. I have just seen the Cashier of the Farmers' Bank, and he informs me that up to this hour (7 P. M.) no clue has been obtained to fix suspicion on any particular person.

Enclosed I transmit to you the advertisement of the Cashiers of the Banks, offering a reward of Five Thousand Dollars for the apprehension of the perpetrators of the crime, and the recovery of the money. For the information of Mr. Hays and others, I may state that the robbery took place about 4 A. M. this morning, and that the steamboat left Richmond in three hours after for Norfolk and Baltimore, which would give abundant time for the villains to get on board with their plunder, and hence they may be in Philadelphia or New-York as soon as this letter will reach you. [Express.

Loss of the Steam Packet Dolphin—and loss of lives.—We deeply regret to learn by Capt. Brooks, of the Steamboat Santee, arriving this morning from Volusia, that on Saturday last, 19th inst., about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Steam Packet Dolphin, Capt. Rudolph, off St. John's Bar, stopt to take a pilot on board, and in the act of starting the engine, the boiler burst, and unfortunately killed *fifteen persons*. The steamboat Santee being within three miles, immediately proceeded to the wreck, and saved the following persons:

Col. Brown, lady and two children; Mrs. Gibson and son; Dr. Martin, U. S. A.; Messrs. Waldron, and Col. Dill slightly wounded, and one person whose name we could not ascertain, Capt. Rudolph, the stewardess, (a colored woman) and four hands, one of whom is badly scalded. The following are the names of the killed:—Col. Brooks; Lieut. Alexander Mackey, U. S. A.; Miss Brown, daughter of Col Brown; Barney Duce, mate; Beaury and Endree, engineers; Kemory, pilot; two deck hands, three stewards, and three blacks.

It is worthy of remark that Dr. Martin, of the Army, after the explosion took place, gave up his place in the scow, to a lady, and clung to a log, until the steamboat came up.

The above are the only particulars we have been able to ascertain.

No news from the army since they departed from Volusia for the Wahoo Swamp. Savannah Georgian, Dec. 20.

From Rio Grande.—Accounts from Rio Grande to the 24th of October have been received at Boston. The rebel troops, commanded by Gonsalves, were totally defeated on the 4th of October and lost in killed about 280 men. Gonsalves and 850 men were taken prisoners. The city of Port Alegre was illuminated on account of the victory. The rebel chiefs were despatched to Rio Janeiro in the brig Venus. Most of the foreigners at Port Alegre had suffered much, particularly the Americans. The American Consul and his partner had been both imprisoned. Capt. Hamilton of the brig Tuscan of Boston had been insulted, his vessel attacked, and his mate and men imprisoned. Capt. Jas. Smith of Boston had been fired at in the streets.

Fire and loss of Life.—On Sunday morning about two o'clock a fire broke out in the hay store of M. Post, No. 13 Weehawken st. and extended rapidly to the hay store of Emanuel Joseph, No. 15, corner of Christopher, thence to No. 173 Christopher st., a two-story wood dwelling occupied by Patrick Clark,—and a building in the rear occupied by a number of poor Irish families,—No. 170 owned by Richard B. Fosdick, and occupied by Mr. Bush, and the upper part of a frame building, No. 169, occupied by Capt. John Rowes, were also destroyed. In the building in the rear of No. 173 a poor woman was burned to death—a coroner's inquest was held upon the body, who returned a verdict of accidental death by burning.

Another.—At 10 o'clock on Saturday evening the upper part of a dwelling house No. 139 William street was slightly injured by fire. [Express.

Fire at Augusta, Ga.—A destructive fire took place in Augusta on the morning of the 20th inst., which laid sixteen stores in ashes, besides the dwellings and out-buildings attached. The Planters' Hotel, as well as the buildings on the opposite side of Broad street, were in great danger, and often on fire, and saved only by the great exertions of the citizens. All the goods and furniture, with trifling exceptions, were saved from the buildings, but part of them afterward burnt in the street—in which loss probably all participated, in about equal proportion to the quantity of each. The entire loss is estimated at about $75,000—two-thirds insured.

Santa Anna.—A proof sheet from the office of the Natchez Courier, dated the 17th instant, fully confirms the news of Santa Anna's release. He passed by Natchez on the morning of the 14th, in the steamboat Tennessean, on his way to Washington. He was accompanied as an escort by Col. Hockley, Inspector General of the Army of Texas, and Col. Bee and Capt. Patton, Texan officers. Col. Almonte was with him as his interpreter.

Santa Anna was released unconditionally, having thrown himself on the generosity of President Houston. The object of his mission to Washington, is to effect a recognition by Mexico of the independence of Texas, thro' the mediation of the government of the United States.

THE HORSE—AN INCIDENT.—It is remarkable that a horse will seldom tread upon a prostrate body in its path. Either from feelings of compassion (and even a horse is accessible to such feelings, though some men are not), or from fear, a horse will studiously avoid inflicting injury on one thus exposed, unless excited by the spirit of combat. In the latter case he becomes almost resistless. All his energies are bent on destruction, and he tramples down opposing squadrons as he would the grass beneath his feet. These reflections are drawn from us by an incident which occurred on Tuesday afternoon, almost within our sight. As the Germantown stage, drawn by four horses, was passing along Third Street, above Willow, a small child endeavored to cross the street in advance of the leaders, apparently without observing the dangerous proximity of the latter. One of the leading horses appeared to appreciate the situation of the infant, and made every effort to avoid coming in contact with it. He swerved from the direct line as far as he could, and endeavored to pass it, but being brought up by the rein, was forced against and prostrated the child. The instant the latter fell, he stopped as if to allow it to escape; but being driven forward by the hinder horses and the impetus of the vehicle, he reared himself on his hind legs, and with one bound cleared the body. In doing this, either from design or accident, he threw the child, with hind foot, out of the track, so that when the heavy carriage passed on it did not run over it. This may be instinct, but it looks to us marvellously like reason and feeling. Pennsylvania Sentetia

BOOKS IN THE PRESS—LONDON.

Kidd's Golden Key to the Treasures of Knowledge; Illustrated by Cruikshank.
Agnes Graham, a Story of the Year 1836.
The Book of Christmas, for 1837, descriptive of the customs, ceremonies, traditions, superstitions, &c. of the Christmas Season.
Mr. Martin, of Liverpool, has in the press a second edition, corrected and enlarged, of his remarks on Lord Brougham's "Paley's Natural Theology, Illustrated."
The Tradesman's Oracle; a Stepping-Stone to Fortune.
Paynell; or, The Disappointed man.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Forget-Me-Not for 1837. Edited by F. Shoberl.
Tales in Verse. by Mary Howitt, royal 18mo.
Friendship's Offering for 1837.
The Biblical Keepsake for 1837.
Economy of Health, 8vo:
Manchester—its political, social and commercial history. By James Wheeler. 12mo.
The French Self-Instructor. By D. Boileau. 12mo.
Practical Treatise on the Laws, by W. Theobald.
English Annual for 1837, 8vo.
Flowers of Loveliness, second series, imperial 4to.
Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. XXI. royal 18mo.
Gems of Beauty, 1837, 4to.
Juvenile Forget-Me-Not. 1837, 12mo.
A new edition, with additions, of the Diary of a Desennuyee, 2 vols, post 8vo.
Burke's History of the Landed Gentry, comprising a Biographical and Genealogical Account of all the Eminent Families in the United Kingdom, and of 100,000 Individuals connected with them, Part XII.
The Desultory Man, 3 vols.
Southey's Cooper, Vol. VII.
Simeon's Works, Vols. X. XI.
Jackson's Devotional Year, or Companion to the Liturgy of the Church of England, 18mo.
Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1837.
Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics, with Notes, by J. S. Brewer, M. A. 8vo.
The Cavaliers of Virginia, 3 vols, 12mo.
Carlisle in the Olden Time, by M. E. Rutter.
Memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, written by Himself, Vol. I. 8vo.
The Book of Beauty, 1837, edited by Lady Blessington.
Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 1837.
The Son of Duplicity, post 8vo.
Beauties of Gilsland. Royal 12mo.
Astoria. By Washington Irving.
Discourses on the Grand Subjects of the Gospel.
Sketches on the Continent in 1835. By Prof. Hoppus.
Phrenology Vindicated. By Joshua T. Smith.
Twelve Months in the British Legion. By an Officer in the 9th Regiment.
Brande's Manual of Chemistry.
Select Plays from Shakspeare. By E. Slater.
Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman. By the Countess of Blessington, with Plates.
Manning's Proceedings in the Court of Revision.

London New Monthly for Nov.

The New Dollar.—The new dollar of our own mint is soon to make its appearance. For thirty years the coinage of the American dollar has been suspended.

The face of the coin represents a full length figure of Liberty, seated on a rock, with the classic emblem of the *pileus* or liberty cap surmounting a spear held in the left hand. The right hand rests on the American shield, with its thirteen stripes, crossed by a scroll, on which is the word 'Liberty.'

The reverse represents the American Eagle, on the wing, drawn accurately from nature; all the heraldric appendages of the old coin being discarded. Over the field are placed irregularly twenty-six stars; the entrance of Michigan into the Union, having been, it seems, anticipated.

The design of the face of the coin was drawn by Mr. Sully, and that of the reverse, by Mr. Titian Peale; both under instructions from the Directors of the Mint. The dies were executed by Mr. Gobrecht, one of the engravers of the mint.

This emission of dollars is the first coined at the mint since the year 1805.

Ackley the convicted murderer.—Samuel Ackley, who was convicted and sentenced to be hung for the murder of his wife, is said to enjoy excellent health in prison, and appears to exhibit the same stoical apathy and indifference to his fate that characterised his conduct on trial. He has, however, made a full confession of his guilt, to Mr. Lyon the keeper of the prison, and acknowledges that the verdict of the jury, and his sentence of death are just. He converses with perfect freedom on his approaching execution, his barbarous treatment of his wife, and his transit from this to another world, without any apparent emotion or remorse. The only thing that appears to disturb him for a moment, is the circumstance, that some of the witnesses, as he asserts, testified incorrectly, to some particular though unimportant parts of the facts accompanying the murder, which he takes occasion to speak of with great severity. He is like, to die as he has lived, in a state of semi-brutalization. [Courier.

Married,

On Saturday, by Rev. Mr. Raine, Mr. John Thompson to Miss Elizabeth Hitchings.
On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Howard, Mr. William Figaret to Miss Julia A. O'Neal.
On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Benedict, Mr. Edward Lewis to Miss Laray Daves.
On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Stilwell, Mr. Jesse C. Kinner to Miss Louisa Lane.
On Monday, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. Jefferson W. Nelson of Virginia, to Miss Amelia M. Farquhar of this city.
On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. Sylvester Everett to Miss Sarah Bailey.
On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Brigstnall, Dr. John Johnstone to Miss Eliza W. Windsor.
On Wednesday, by Rev. Mr. Dewey, Mr. Joseph M. Simonson to Miss Adeline Adams.
On Thursday, by Rev. Dr. White, Mr. Runyan Pyatt to Miss Caroline Greene.
At Philadelphia, on the 19th inst. by Right Rev. Henry U. Onderdonk, Mr. Edward S. Shaw to Miss Ann R. Andrews.
At Lansingburgh, on the 1st inst. by Rev. Merritt Bates, Mr. Joel Wickwire to Miss Margaret Winne.

Died,

On Monday, Mrs. Sophia Dickson, aged 37 years.
On Monday, Mrs. Eliza Dean, aged 43 years.
On Monday, Edwin Augustus Crary, aged 14 years.
On Monday, Mrs. Mary Whiting, formerly of New-Hampshire.
On Wednesday, William Sampson, Counsellor at Law, aged 73.
On Wednesday, Mrs. Mary Crowley, aged 32 years.
On Thursday, Mr. Simon Backus, aged 58 years,
At New-Orleans, on the 7th inst. Mr. Giles Kirby, printer, a native of Middletown, Conn. aged 27 years.
The City Inspector reports the death of 154 persons during the week ending Saturday, December 24.

THE NEW-YORK BOOK.

GEORGE DEARBORN, 33 Gold-street, has just published *The New-York Book of Poetry*, in one octavo volume, embellished with a beautiful vignette. The New-York Book is a collection of fugitive Poetry, selected from various sources, and intermingled with extracts from the Poems of Drake, Sands, Paulding, Leggett, Brooks, and others, whose poetical writings have been heretofore published in other forms, all the writers being Native New-Yorkers. It is a remarkable thing, that in the compilations heretofore made in various parts of the country, Drake is almost the only native of New-York whose name appears: and it will doubtless surprise many to see an array of upwards of fifty names in the present volume. Even these form by no means a full representation of the Poetical resources of the State. The field of our Anthology is wider than any casual observer would conceive. In exploring it with the rapidity necessary to the compilation of this work, the sources of many new specimens have been indicated, which may, at a future period, form the basis of another volume.

The following are the names of the writers whose productions are given in this volume—

Arden, Francis	Doane, Rt. Rev. G. W.	Mitchell, Dr. Samuel L.
Bailey, J. I.	Drake, J. R.	Moore, Clement C.
Baker, Robert	Dorr, William	Nark, James
Bleecker, Mrs. A. E.	Eller, Mrs. E. F.	Park, Roswell
Bleecker, Anthony	Embury, Emma C.	Paulding, J. K.
Bloodgood, S. De Witt	Fay, Theodore S.	Sanford, Edward
Bogart, A. H.	Fingere, Margaretta V.	Sands, R. C.
Bogart, David S.	Hawes, W. P.	Seymour, D.
Bogart, W. H. L.	Hoffman, C. F.	Sliddell, Thomas
Bogart, Elizabeth	Irving, Washington	Street, A. B.
Brooks, S. G.	Inmas, John	Stone, William L.
Brooks, Mary E.	Low, Samuel	Strong, George D.
Blunvelt, A. L.	Lawrence, Jonathan Jr.	Suttermeister, J. R.
Clark, Willis G.	Leggett, William	Tucker, T. W.
Clinch, Elizabeth C.	Livingston, William	Vinlng, W. H.
Croswell, Rev. Wm.	Morris, G. P.	Van Schaick, J. B.
Clason, Isaac	Morton, General Jacob	Verplanck, Gulian C.
Davidson, L. M.	Murray, Lindley	

The above work may be had of the Publisher, and booksellers generally. Dec. 30.

Prices of Country Produce.

Thursday, December 29, 1836.

ASHES—₱ 100 ℔			Corn Yellow	1	@ 1 6
Pots, 1st sort	—	@ 6 50	Do. White	1	@ 1 5
Pearls	6 75	@ —	Do. Southern	90	@ 96
CATTLE—₱ cwt.			Oats	60	@ —
Steers, Prime	5 50	@ 9 50	Beans, ₱ 7 bush	16	@ 17 —
Inferior	4 75	@ 6 —	Hemp, Am ₱ ton	130	@ 140 —
Cows, each	25	@ 45 —	Hops, first sort ℔	9½	@ 10
Calves			PROVISIONS—		
Sheep	1 50	@ 5 —	Beef, Mess bbl	12	@ 13 50
Lambs	1 25	@ 2 44	Do. Prime	7 75	@ 8 75
Hay, ₱ cwt	1	@ — —	Do. Cargo	6	@ — —
Straw, 100 bdls	5	@ 6 —	Pork, Mess	23	@ 24 —
FLOUR—₱ barrel,			Do. Prime	17	@ 17 50
Troy	9 88	@ 10 —	Do. Cargo	—	@ — —
Western	10	@ 10 25	Lard, ₱ ℔	13	@ 16
Baltimore	10 50	@ — —	Butter, dairy do	25	@ 26
Richmond	10 75	@ 11 —	Cheese	9	@ 10
Rye Flour	7 75	@ 7 88	Ham	13	@ 16
Indian Meal	4 75	@ 4 88	WOOL—₱ ℔		
GRAIN—₱ bushel,			Saxony, Fleece	75	@ 80
Wheat, N Riv	—	@ — —	Merino, do	50	@ 60
Do. Genesee	—	@ — —	Do. Pulled	55	@ 60
Do. Virginia	—	@ — —	Common	40	@ 50
Do. N Caro.	—	@ — —	Pulled, Spinning	50	@ 54
Rye Northern	1 37	@ 1 40	Lambs'	—	@ —

THE NEW-YORKER- QUARTO FORM—NEW SERIES.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE Publishers of the New-Yorker commenced in March last, a weekly edition of their publication in quarto form, and made, as they thought, ample provision for supplying as great a number of subscribers as their most flattering hopes led them to believe would patronize the work under its then new arrangement. They have been deceived—agreeably so, in their calculations, inasmuch as the favor shown to the publication rapidly absorbed the whole edition, and constant orders are received for copies, which the Publishers have been unable to supply. With a view to obviate this difficulty, and meet the wishes of the many who desire to patronize the work, the Publishers have resolved to neutralize the blank in the current order of the volume, by changing so far the present arrangement, as to furnish *two volumes in a year*, in lieu of one, as stated in the original prospectus.

On the Twenty-Fourth of September next, therefore, will be issued the first number of a new series of the Quarto New-Yorker, or No. 1 of Vol. II. thus affording to new subscribers an opportunity of beginning with a distinct volume, entirely unconnected with the one preceding, while our original patrons will be advantaged in receiving their copies in a form calculated better for binding in a convenient volume, than under the old arrangement. The distinguishing line between the old and new Series will be indicated at the head of the first page every number; and as no change is contemplated in the size or quality of the work, no inconvenience can result to those who have taken it from the commencement; while, on the other hand, it presents the features of an entirely new publication to those who may date their subscription with the new volume.

Under its improved arrangement, the whole edition for one year will embrace two semi-annual volumes, each containing four hundred and sixteen pages of original and selected matter such as has heretofore been presented to its readers, and which, it is hoped, has been of a character to meet the full approval of the literary and general tastes of the reading community. The two volumes will comprise eight hundred and thirty-two pages, fifty-two of which will be Music.

The aim of the Publishers is to present in a compact, neat, and portable form, a literary and miscellaneous journal adapted to the intellectual wants of their readers; and from the very flattering success that has thus far rewarded their efforts, they indulge the hope that the New-Yorker will continue to receive that share of public favor which it has ever been their study to merit. The expression of cordiality and good feeling manifested by their friends and contemporaries affords gratifying evidence that the character of their journal has been based upon a correct foundation, and it would therefore be irrelevant to say aught regarding their future intentions, further than to express their determination of leaving no means untried of furnishing a sheet which will bear respectable criticism when compared with any of the periodicals of the day of a similar character.

To those who propose patronizing the work, promptitude in forwarding their orders is earnestly recommended, as from present appearances it is believed that, large as the edition is which will be printed, still the numerous orders daily received for it, will quickly put it out of the power of the Publishers to supply back numbers, and they will not warrant the entire volume to those who may come in late with their subscriptions. Annexed are the conditions which must be strictly adhered to, as the line of conduct laid down will govern the transaction of business between the publishers and patrons.

CONDITIONS.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be published every Saturday afternoon on an extra-imperial sheet of the finest quality, comprising sixteen pages of three columns each, and afforded to its patrons in city and country, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable inflexibly in advance. Orders from a distance, unaccompanied by a remittance, will necessarily remain unanswered. Any person or persons sending $5 positively free of postage or other charges, will receive two copies for one year, or a single copy for two years, and in the same proportion for a larger sum. The few who may desire to take the folio edition for immediate perusal and the Quarto for binding, will be entitled to receive both for $4 50 in advance. We will cheerfully preserve their files of the Quarto for any such who may desire it.

H. GREELEY & CO. 127 Nassau-st. New-York.

, Editors of papers exchanging with us will please give the above an insertion.

THE NEW-YORKER—(QUARTO,)

Is Published every Saturday Evening, at No. 127 Nassau street,

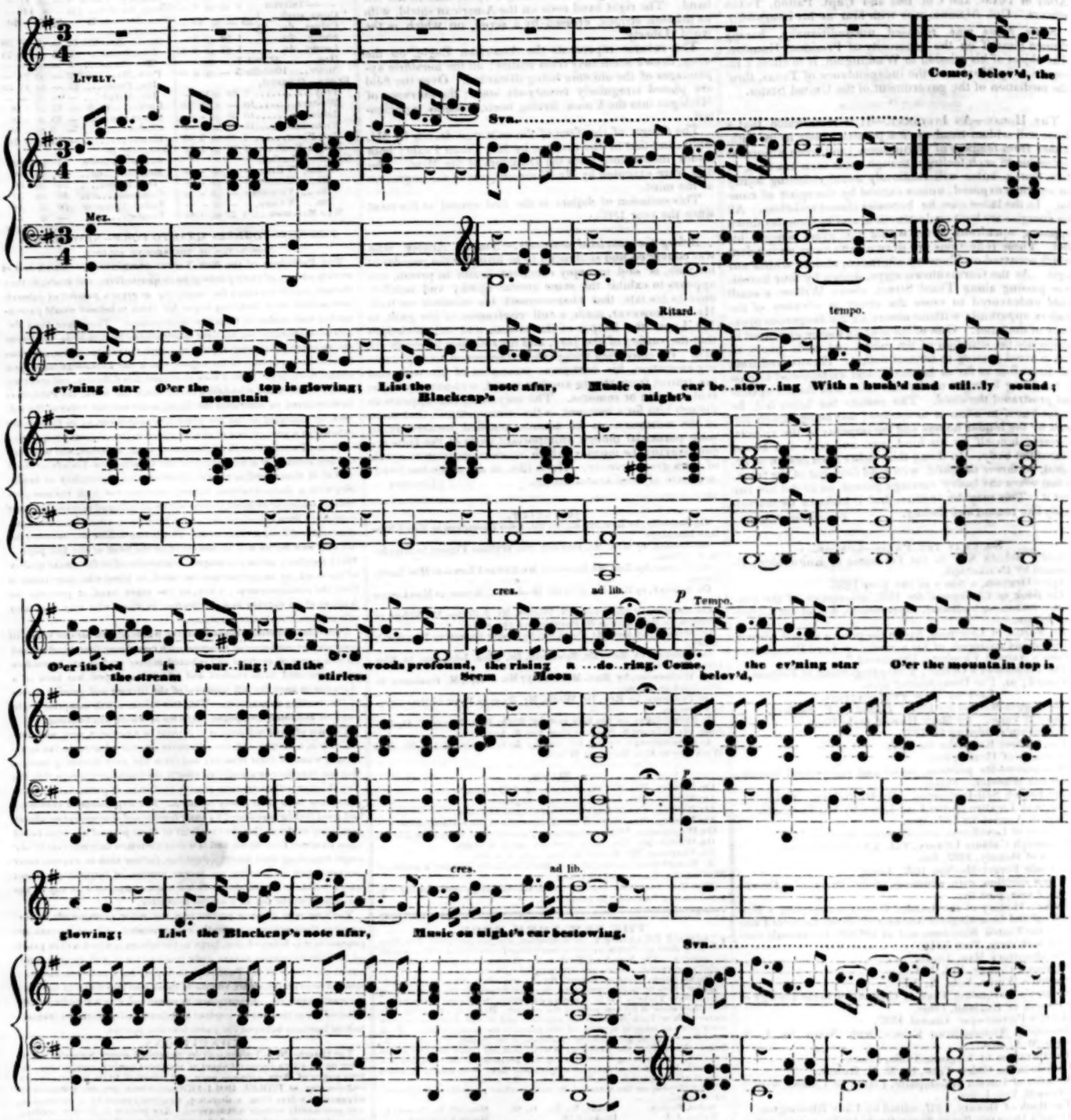
BY H. GREELEY & CO.

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Two copies will be sent to one order for $5 where no charge is incurred for agency or postage, but not otherwise. Local agents sending us the cash in advance free of charge will be supplied at the same rate.

COME, BELOV'D, THE EV'NING STAR.

SERENADE, SUNG BY MISS F. CAWSE;—COMPOSED BY G. HARGREAVES.



2. Come, belov'd, the pleasant hour,
Only wants thy smile to bless it;
These woods, these walks, this leafy bow'r,
And my lone bosom all confess it.

Sweeter smells the flower by far,
When thy foot is flitting o'er it;
Brighter glows the ev'ning star,
When thine eye, love, glows before it.

Come, belov'd, the ev'ning star,
O'er the mountain top is glowing;
List the Blackcap's note afar,
Music on night's ear bestowing.

STANZAS—TO * * * *.

One hour with thee when silent stars are burning,
And shadows mantle round the trembling trees;
One hour with thee where the young vines are turning,
As their rich blooms are lifted to the breeze;
Once more to call, even though they bring me madness,
From out the caverns of the misty Past,
The early love—the blessed hopes—the gladness,
Which o'er my spirit a rich beauty cast.

Fain would I linger, ere the waves of Sorrow
Wash out from view my little isle of Hope,
To list thee, though in tears—and ere the morrow
With a world's hate and hardship bid me cope,
To trace with thee once more the paths of Pleasure
On the wide map of moments which have flown
In sun, and storm, and scenes my heart will treasure,
Till Death shall claim it for his own—his own!

The world hath bid us meet no more for ever!
I may not keep thee by that precious hand;
Scandal and scorn have striven long to sever
The links that bound us in Affection's band;
Though but a youth—the wide land all before me—
My struggle with my fate but half begun—
Wretched at parting—with a dark cloud o'er me—
I'll love thee still through life, thou dearest one.

* * * * * * *

The tremulant blue of the unbounded ocean;
The bright green garniture of pleasant hills;
The evening air with its uncertain motion,
Bathing my forehead till the bosom thrills;
Skies—sunbeams—fountains—in their sacred glory;
The bird's low music in the solemn wood;
All—all—shall whisper to my heart the story
Of our deep love, ere Sorrow dared intrude.

A.